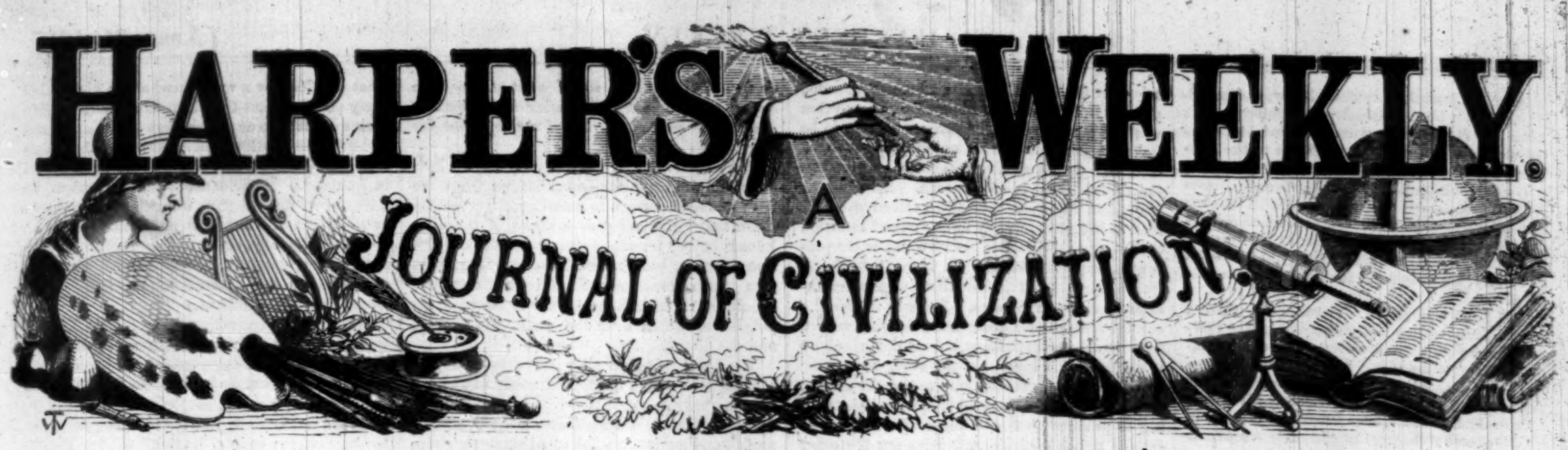

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE MORMONS.

THE Mormon Question is assuming a shape that will not permit its solution to be much longer delayed.

It seems that, indignant at the hesitation of the government of the Union to admit their Territory of Utah as a State, the settlers there have broken into the public offices of the United States, destroyed the records, driven out the judiciary, and set the Federal authorities at defiance. This outbreak, not, perhaps, excessively serious in its character—taking into consideration the turbulent nature of our border population—is still, however, quite grave enough to induce the Federal Government to take the whole subject into serious consideration, and to examine the principles on which the Mormon question is to be settled.

We say *principles*—for it is always to be kept in mind, that this government pretends and aspires to be one of principle, and not one of mere shifting and temporary expediency. As Mr. Burke said, in 1775, in that wonderful speech on Conciliation, which contains a description of our people as true, in many respects, as if they sat for the picture last year: "In other countries the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." As Mr. Webster said twenty years ago: "We went to war on a Principle—we took up arms on a Declaration."

In other words, we have, in regard to the general policy of this country, laid down certain rules, or principles of action, to which we have generally adhered with great and commendable fidelity.

The only considerable departure from this line of conduct that can by any mode of reasoning be charged against us, has been in regard to the questions embarrassed by diversity or disparity of race; and in regard to these, our efforts to pursue the path of expediency and compromise have been beset by its usual difficulties and perplexities.

But in regard to the dominant white race of this country, we have, from the laying of the corner-stone of the Confederacy to the present hour, adhered with infinite tenacity to certain great cardinal principles, upon which we assert and believe liberty to depend. Among these the most prominent are—first, the rule of absolute and universal religious freedom; and, secondly, the doctrine of local sovereignty, carried to its utmost practical extent in the administration of the affairs of the different members of the Confederacy. Both these principles are evidently involved in the solution of the Mormon question.

Now let us observe some of the difficulties in the case. The Constitution says, "New States *may* be admitted by the Congress into this Union." This MAY has always been held, in practice, to imply a command or a compact to admit the Territories as States so soon as their population warrants it. It is wholly foreign to our ideas to keep a Territory in a proconsular state of subjection after it is in a condition numerically, with reference to its population, to be admitted as a State.

Again: the principle of leaving each town, county, State, to regulate its own municipal affairs, is one of those most deeply implanted in the American mind. It is the principle of decentralization, of freedom—as opposed to centralization, authority, and despotism. This doctrine, frequently called that of Local Sovereignty, has been carried to its extremest limit in the Kansas-Nebraska Bill.

The general idea of our system is, therefore, to secure to our people universal religious freedom; to give them, whether in the States or Territories, entire control of their local municipal affairs—including, of course, their law of marriage and their criminal law—and to admit the Territories as States as soon as their population calls for it.

Now what qualification is there to this? There is, or as yet has been, but one—"The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union *a Republican form of Government.*" In other words, the States must have a Republican form of Government. Now what is a *Republican* form of Government? Lafayette called the organization of 1830 "a monarchical throne surrounded with Republican institutions." This, however, was in France, from which we can not derive much aid on either the theory or the practice of Constitutional freedom. How is it here, by the lights of our own experience?

Domestic servitude is not anti-Republican, that is clear—for three-fourths of the States allowed it when the Constitution of 1787 was framed. Freehold qualifications for suffrage are not anti-Republican, for many of the States retained them till a very recent period. Titles of nobility, hereditary offices, are undoubtedly anti-Republican; but neither of these help us to a solution of the Mormon problem.

Whatever sanctity we attach to the institution of marriage, can it be pretended, with any degree of legal or of logical accuracy, that the Christian marriage is a Republican institution?

But it may be said that marriage, as we understand it, is a Christian rite, and that we are a Christian people; and that no abomination like polygamy can be tolerated in a Christian country. Is it, however, so certain that, in the cold, clear eye of the Law and of the Constitution, we are a Christian people? On this subject the doctors do very widely disagree. Sometimes it has been held that Christianity is a part of the common law, which we have inherited from England; at other times, it has been declared that, though not legally incorporated into our institutions, it is, in some sense, interwoven and blended with them; and, finally, in some of the States, like Ohio, it has been very solemnly adjudged, that under our Constitutional declarations of absolute toleration and indifference, Christianity is, in no sense whatever, any part or portion of our institutions. But whether it be or not, it is very certain that the Constitution of the United States, in no article or clause, enjoins Christianity as a condition upon admission to the Confederacy.

Now let us see how the question stands. The Mormons say: We have the population required by usage and practice for admission as a State. We have formed a Republican institution. True, we have a religion of our own; but the corner-stone of your Confederacy is Religious Freedom. True, we hold polygamy no crime; but our municipal institutions, according to the settled law of America, are under our control, and we claim no more than is conceded to the older States. New York might to-morrow abolish the punishment of bigamy, and re-establish polygamy. Why, how, on what principle, do you deny us admission to the Union? We demand it in the name of Religious Freedom and Local Sovereignty; of Universal Toleration, and of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill.

We believe we have thus stated the argument fairly in behalf of the Mormons, and have given them the benefit of every article in our Constitution, and every principle of our Government to which they can appeal; and we now proceed to show why, and on what grounds, we are of opinion that the judgment of the American people will very certainly be given against them.

Whatever doubts casuists may raise, or legal doctors promulgate, *we* have no doubt that this *is* a Christian country. The amiable controversies of the Church have, indeed, rendered it a task somewhat more than human to determine what Christianity is. But we suppose, notwithstanding the bickerings, and feuds, and religious wars, and *auto da fes* of eighteen hundred years, still that there are certain notions, and principles, and tenets common to the Ultramontanists of Rome and the Universalists of America—to Archbishop Hughes and Mr. Theodore Parker—which distinguish Christianity from Paganism, from Buddhism, from Mormonism. These notions and principles we suppose to lie at the basis of our whole system.

Of these principles there is perhaps no one more vitally important than the institution of marriage. If it is permitted to us, miserable mortals, to pass judgment on the relative value or weight of the words of Supreme Wisdom, we should be tempted to say that the Divine Lawgiver pronounced no words so important to the future of the race as when he said, "They twain shall be one flesh." These words have created the wife and ennobled the mother; with the wife and the mother, they have softened, elevated, purified the husband and the father; they have turned the seraglio into a home, and have enabled freedom and civilization to supplant patriarchal and governmental despotism. So far as Christianity is the only religion which has defended, defined, in fact created the institution of marriage as we understand it, we believe that this is very certainly a Christian country.

In regard to religious freedom, toleration by a majority is one thing; the introduction of tenets or practices fatal to the substantial rights or dearest feelings of a whole class of the community is quite another. The legalization of polygamy is fatal to the institution of marriage. Christianity will be practically excluded from every State which Mormonism is allowed to rule; and with Christianity marriage perishes. We permit Judaism, we have even allowed Buddhism to raise its unclean temple at San Francisco; but, as we say, to tolerate a minority is one thing—to allow a small and insignificant local minority to affect the manners and morals of a whole nation is a very different matter.

For be it observed, a wife in one State is, in many senses, a wife in another State. Whether a marriage can be made with one woman, as in New York, or with a dozen, as in Utah, the legal relation of husband and wife, if established in one State, must be recognized in the others. There lurks in the Constitution a little provision decreeing that "*the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.*" This diminutive clause is likely soon to assume colossal dimensions, and in no aspect would it be more formidable than in regard to Mormonism. If the citizen of New York would be protected in Utah in his position of husband as regards his one wife, it would be very difficult to show that Mr. Brigham Young had not the same "privileges and immunities" in New York as to his baker's dozen; and thus polygamy in Utah would be polygamy in New York.

We have thus far considered the matter on legal and constitutional grounds; but, in fact, this question will not be determined on any nice constitutional argument. It will be determined on feeling and sympathy, or, rather, on hatred and disgust. The people of this country never would, and never will, tolerate a set of obscene, licentious wretches as their fellows and equals. They never would, and never will, permit a horde of creatures, in every respect worse than Turks, to defy our habits, our tastes, our feelings, and our civilization.

The question has been already, indeed, twice settled. Our border population are certainly not over-squeamish, and they are possessed of a very strong, rough sense of equality and justice, and of sympathy with people of their own condition and education. Twice, within twenty years, in two distinct States—one a Free State, the other a Slave State—twice these miserable fanatics have been hunted and harried out of their houses and homes by an indignant people that would not bear their proximity. Nothing but their remote and inaccessible situation has preserved them in their present place of refuge.

In truth, the women of our country are quite equal to the settlement of the case. The women of America too well comprehend their position to tolerate the introduction, however partial, of any institution fatal to them, fatal to their true honor and real dignity; and there are too many proud and confiding husbands, too many devoted sons among us, to permit wives and mothers to be insulted and outraged by the much longer toleration of this infamous abomination.

It is, in every sense, an abomination. There seems to be no redeeming feature about it. That they are beastly polygamists is only a part, and a small part, of their offenses. They are ignorant beyond any conception that we have of ignorance. In what other part of the Union would the rhapsodical stuff and fustian of Brigham Young be tolerated for half an hour? That they are to the last degree lawless and brutal is proved. That they are at heart treasonable in their purposes, that they are at least hostile in spirit to the Union, is evident in all their actings and doings.

The matter has, in fact, passed beyond the line of argument, and it is time at once for the Government of the United States to interpose. We do not call for fire or slaughter. No Highland clan sort of operation—no Glencoe massacre. But, at whatever cost, the United States must declare and vindicate its supremacy—it must protect its judiciary and its records. It must declare Christianity to be the religion of the country. While it proclaims toleration, it must not permit our dearest domestic relations to be undermined or overthrown. It must denounce polygamy as a crime, and while it treats resistance on the part of the leaders with unflinching severity, it must, with a firm and at the same time a wise hand, lead the mass of the misguided Mormons back to the fold of the republic, of sound morals, and of Christianity. "I valued myself," says the delightful Vicar, "upon being a strict monogamist."

THE DEFENSE OF JUDGE EDMONDS.

We have received the following letter from Judge Edmonds, and publish it as an act of courtesy:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

Sir,—In the number of *Harper's Weekly, a Journal of Civilization*, for April 4, 1857, is an article—apparently editorial—headed, "Ought the Spiritualists to be Indicted?" in which my religion is denounced as a nuisance, is placed on a par with "disorderly houses, gambling dens, and other places of ill fame," and the Mayor and District Attorney are called upon to have me indicted, because it is high time I became "a subject of penal inquiry." And now I demand of you, as an act of simple justice, that you afford me the opportunity of spreading my defense before the same eyes which have read the charge.

I have lived now near sixty years. For more than one-third of that time I have occupied public stations where my thoughts and actions have been open to the widest observation, and I have thus earned a character among my fellow-men that is very dear to me. I can not consent to part with it without a struggle. I can not, without remonstrance, suffer myself to be held up to the world as a fit "subject of penal inquiry;" and it is not unreasonable for me to ask a place for my defense in the same columns which have contained the unprovoked assault upon me.

It is true that I am a firm and undoubting believer in Spiritualism. I have, at some hazard and inconvenience to myself, avowed that belief; and I have, over and over again, given the strongest evidence in my power of the sincerity of my faith. I have never sought to obtrude my convictions upon others. When I have appeared before the public on the subject, it has been generally in answer to attacks upon me. My first public avowal was drawn from me by an assault of one of our most influential newspapers; and when I have occasionally stepped beyond the mere circle of believers, it has been in answer to attacks from editors and bishops. I have never been the assailant, but have been content to enjoy the right secured to every citizen in the enactment of our Constitution that "the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be allowed in this State to all mankind."

That right I will not surrender, and I claim the privilege of defending it for myself and others in the very forum where it is assailed. And as your paper has appealed to the public, I answer your appeal in the same tribunal.

The specific charge your paper makes is, that Spiritualism engenders insanity. I know this charge to be erroneous. I know it, from a careful and minute observation in that regard for over six years; I know it, from the principles it inculcates; and I know, on the other hand, it is a preventive at once and a cure for mental aberration.

I do not mean to say that there has not been any case of one professing Spiritualism or pursuing it who has become insane. Love, the pursuit of wealth, and religious excitement have, in all ages, resulted in insanity; and I do not suppose that minds liable to be upset by undue excitement are exempted from that liability by reason of their belief in Spiritualism. But I do say, that instead of Spiritualism tending to produce such excitement, all its tendencies are the other way. For it is a faith which addresses itself to the reason rather than to the emotions. It is the calm and deliberate judgment of investigators which is always demanded, and not a blind or impulsive credulity; and a calm and dispassionate frame of mind is always enjoined, and can alone be available to the Spiritualist.

Besides, Spiritualism is revealing to us the causes of that unsoundness of mind which in all ages has afflicted mankind; and out of that revelation grows the remedy for the disease. I have known some interesting cases in which insanity, even when hereditary, has been cured through its instrumentality.

And I tell you, Sir, as a sacred truth, which a careful investigation will demonstrate, that Spiritualism *is* rather a preventive and a cure for insanity than a cause of it. It is such an investigation that I demand, rather than a flippant condemnation upon a mere superficial view, and it is such an investigation that I have found it so difficult to obtain because of the unwillingness of men to breast the storm of reproach which is sure to follow.

And now you—what do you do in adding your contribution to this storm? You condemn as a nuisance that which is dear as a religion to thousands and tens of thousands of your fellow-citizens? You denounce as worthy of "penal inquiry" that which is received as truth by hundreds of thousands of persons in all parts of the world who have investigated and judged for themselves, who are as capable as you are of forming a correct judgment, and who are as honest and pure in motive as I concede you to be.

Ten years have hardly elapsed since this thing began among us. It has encountered from the beginning the active hostility of the press and the pulpit, and the inert opposition of the public. Yet its progress has been ever onward. Impelled by its own innate power, it has gone on until it numbers its adherents by millions; it embraces in its ranks some of the brightest minds in this and other countries. Philosophers, artists, poets, lawyers, doctors, priests, editors, authors, judges of the highest courts, governors, legislators, diplomatists, farmers, and mechanics, in all parts of this country and in other countries, are enrolled among its believers. Its library numbers over 100 works in English, besides some in German and in French. The periodicals devoted to its cause exceed 20 in this country, besides one published in Spanish at Caraccas, South America, and one in French at Geneva in Europe. It has courted, from the first, the most thorough investigations. It has encountered many such, and never without a triumph. And now it comes openly and boldly before the world, asking no forbearance, craving no lenity, deprecating no inquiry, but demanding the strictest scrutiny to which the human intellect can subject it.

From such scrutiny it must result—there is no escaping it—the conviction *must* result to every candid mind, that the principles which Spiritualism inculcates are in close conformity with the laws of science and the revelations of the Holy Scriptures, and tend ever to man's advancement in purity and knowledge.

One of my correspondents—a gentleman occupying a high judicial position in our country—writes: "The teachings in your publications as emanating from the spirits, inculcate a morality the most pure and elevated, and a state of the affections toward God in the highest degree holy and spiritual. In this respect there are, in my opinion, no writings extant more unexceptionable."

Another, who is now one of our foreign embassadors, writes me from abroad, "I see nothing more important to investigate. If this be a delusion—an *honest* one the public begin to admit it in your case—it is spreading far, and ought to be searchingly tested and effectually arrested. If it be a reality, how all other objects pale into insignificancy before it!"

And my correspondence, which is very voluminous and with all parts of the world, is full of evidences, out of the reach of my own personal observation, of the elevating character of the teachings.

Many who have contemplated suicide have been arrested in their purpose by its influence.

Very many—and I have published several instances in the Introduction to my 2d Volume—have been converted, by its instrumentality, from rank infidelity to belief in a God and their own immortality.

And every man and woman who has become a thorough believer in its doctrines, has inevitably become wiser and better and more full of works for the good of mankind.

I make these assertions without reservation or equivocation, because I know them to be true, and I know their truth will be demonstrated to you if you will but take the pains to inquire.

And if this is so, I beg to know why it is, that that which aims only at the good of mankind shall be so fiercely denounced, and why they who appeal for the verity of their faith to reason, to science, and to revelation, shall be proclaimed to be fit only for the felon's doom?

Must the poisoned bowl be drained again because once more the truth is spoke in Athens? At this day, and in this country, must Galileo's fate be his who, even amidst persecution, dares say "Nevertheless it moves?"

New York, *April* 6, 1857. J. W. Edmonds.

The question between Judge Edmonds and ourselves lies in a very narrow compass. We asserted that Spiritualism was a common cause of insanity, and, as such, demanded the interference of those officers of the law to whom the protection of the weak and the credulous is intrusted; and we pointed to the "Spiritual circles" got up and patronized by such men as Judge Edmonds as a specific engine of evil. The Judge, in reply, enters into many personal explanations, with which we have nothing to do; informs us that Spiritualism is spreading, which we are sorry to hear; asserts that he is sincere in his belief, a fact we never doubted; claims tolerance for his "religion," as the Mormons do; and, discreetly avoiding altogether the question, whether a promoter of insanity ought not to be indicted, joins issue with us on a question of fact, and denies that Spiritualism "engenders insanity." This is all he says. He gives us his naked assertion that Spiritualism *does not* lead to insanity, in reply to our naked assertion that it *does*. We give his own words, to prevent misapprehension: "I know," he says, "the charge [that Spiritualism engenders insanity] to be erroneous. I know it, from a careful and minute observation in that regard for over six years; I know it from the principles it inculcates: I know, on the other hand, that it is at once a preventive and a cure for mental aberration...... Instead of Spiritualism tending to produce such excitement [as may upset certain minds], all its tendencies are the other way."

As Judge Edmonds is a lawyer, we will take leave to say, in the language of the bar, that the issue is now joined between us, and that the case must proceed to trial, to decide the only question involved—namely, Does Spiritualism engender insanity?

We, therefore, summon Dr. John C. Covel, the eminent physician at the City Prison, who, in a letter dated April 8, says: "I have seen many instances in which a consideration of the subject of Spiritualism has caused insanity, *and have had occasion to consign several persons laboring under that phase of insanity to the asylums.*" A person better qualified, either by position or mental qualifications, to judge of this matter, than Dr. John C. Covel, we hardly know where to find.

From the State Asylum at Utica, one of the very highest authorities on the subject of insanity in this country, a gentleman whose modesty forbids the publication of his name, writes: "*It would be as preposterous to deny the existence of insanity itself as to deny that Spiritualism, so called, often acts as a cause of the disease.*"

Another very eminent authority, in charge of an asylum not far from this city, after remarking that but few cases had come under his care in which he could ascribe insanity to excitement from Spiritualism, adds: "*But I doubt not that it is a cause of insanity*, and perhaps more frequently in some localities than in New York city." The same high authority, after a hasty examination of a bundle of Reports of lunatic asylums, arrives at the appalling conclusion that 1 *out of every* 150 *insane persons in the United States went mad from Spiritualism.*

But to pass from private to public witnesses. Let us see what the printed Reports say. We are sorry to say that we have not at hand as complete a set of these as might be desired; though we believe we have enough to make out a case. To take them at random:

Persons whose insanity was known to be the fruit of Spiritualism, in the		Maine Insane Asylum, in 1855	1
Do.	do.	New Hampshire Asylum, in 1855	5
Do.	do.	State Hospital, Worcester, Mass., in 1853	9
Do.	do.	do. do. in 1855	6
Do.	do.	State Hospital, Taunton, Mass., in 1854	3
Do.	do.	do. do. in 1855	3
Do.	do.	State Lunatic Asylum, in 1855	9
Do.	do.	Retreat, Hartford, in 1855	11
Do.	do.	State Hospital, Missouri, in 1855	4
Do.	do.	State Hospital, Indiana, in 1855	31
Do.	do.	Columbus Asylum, Ohio, in 1853	11
Do.	do.	" " 1854	7
Do.	do.	" " 1855	3
Do.	do.	Northern Ohio Lunatic Asylum, Newburg, in 1855	11
Do.	do.	Southern Ohio Lunatic Asylum, in 1855	2
Do.	do.	Asylum at Stockton, Cal., in 1855	16

The list might be indefinitely prolonged. We have likewise reason to believe that, in many Reports, persons who had gone mad on Spiritualism were not so classed because full and complete evidence of the origin of their malady could not be obtained; while, in other Reports, the cases of insanity from Spiritualism, and insanity from religious excitement, were not distinguished, but were classed together under the latter head.

That the leading managers of the chief lunatic asylums throughout the country differ with Judge Edmonds on the issue he makes with us, a few more extracts may place beyond a doubt.

Dr. Chandler, of the State Hospital at Worcester, Massachusetts, in his Report of 1855, speaking of the "causes of insanity," says: "The occasional causes are such as become endemic in certain nations, more or less limited in time and space. *Spiritualism of the present day is the last class of causes.*" Dr. Galt, of the Eastern Lunatic Asylum of Virginia, says, in a late Report: "You visit an American asylum during the prevalence of any exciting topic, and you examine the table of cases in a contemporaneous report, and perhaps a whole ward will have as its denizens those stricken with the prevailing disease. First it is Millerism; *then the much worried table-turning.*" In a late Report of the Ohio Lunatic Asylum, the physician remarks: "By reference to the table, *it will be seen that Spiritualism still swells the records of insanity.*" And the physician of the Northern Ohio Asylum, at Newburg, remarks: "It is to be deplored that every good man, every well-wisher of his race, should be under the necessity of making war with another moral contagion, misnamed Spirit-rapping. The natural causes of disease are sufficiently numerous, without adding that which has no foundation in reason, no reality, an ignis fatuus, *which is doing more harm in a moral point of view than any system of infidelity, any other imposture that has of late years, and, may I not say, that has ever infested the moral world.*"

We are content to rest our case here. Evidence might be multiplied; but we think we have adduced enough to make good our proposition that Spiritualism is a cause of insanity. In this belief, we reiterate our former conclusion that the public mediums, and those who give them countenance and respectability, should be taken in hand by the authorities appointed to watch over the weak, the simple, and the young.

We have said that with the personal explanations into which Judge Edmonds enters we have nothing to do. We willingly admit that Judge Edmonds is a man who has led a long, useful, and meritorious life; and whatever claim to sympathy this may afford, we cheerfully concede. But, dealing as we do with a question in comparison with whose importance the character of any one individual is utterly insignificant, we are bound to say that the standing, and the reputation, and the attainments of Judge Edmonds actually aggravate his case, as they have incalculably increased his capacity for mischief.

PARTISAN OFFICIALS.

We hope that our friends in the country will do us the justice of admitting the accuracy of our review of the City Bills, now that the appointments have been made by Governor King. There was an attempt made in certain quarters to create a belief that the object of the bills was to divest the Police, and the City Hall, and Central Park Commissions of all partisan character. That belief we did not share. The appointments now demonstrate that we were right, and that, as we stated, the only real change effected by the bills is a transfer of power from the party in majority to the party in minority.

We have an unflagging confidence in the ultimate justice and common sense of the people, and in the recuperative energy of our free political institutions. We believe that no legislative mistakes, however grave—no legislative injustice, however flagrant—can permanently militate against the safety of our commonwealth, or work eternal mischief to our freedom and well-being. We have unlimited faith in our capacity for self-correction and amendment.

We do not, therefore, share the gloomy apprehensions expressed by one or two of our daily contemporaries, in reference to the effects of the new City Acts. That they have been passed in order to advance the interests of a political party, and not in order to benefit the city, must now be apparent to every one. Still it is optional with the fortunate holders of power to make us feel their yoke so lightly, and to administer authority so righteously, that we shall forget the vice of their origin, and only remember the blessings of their rule. A reformed, active, zealous Police would be gratefully welcomed by all parties. An economical and honest administration of the Central Park and City Hall funds would be hailed with a delight proportionate to the rarity of the phenomenon. And if the active politicians of the Republican party, who now find themselves at the head of the most important municipal departments in our city, should resolve to earn this gratitude and awaken this delight; if, under their administration, we should have an opportunity of observing the Police discharge their proper duties in the prevention and detection of crime, and abstain from partisan interference with our elections; if the City Hall were built, and the Park laid out with a single eye to the requirements of the city and the interests of tax payers, and not made mere *vaches à lait* for the party at the next elections; we will take upon us to say that not merely the mass of our people who are not politicians, but even the very bone and sinew of the party now stripped of its legitimate rights, would rejoice at the change, and give a hearty support to the nominees of Governor King and the Republican Legislature of 1857.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

A large portion of our space this week is devoted to the election news from England. All the elections have not taken place. Each constituency selects the day for its election, and there are a few yet to hear from. But enough returns are published to warrant the belief that the Government is sustained, and that Lord Palmerston will open Parliament with a large working majority.

By this vote the English people have intimated their general approval of the proceedings of the British force at Canton, and of the course pursued by Lord Palmerston in reference to China. Nothing more. No domestic issue of any moment, no foreign question except this Chinese one, has had any thing to do with the election.

This must be carefully borne in mind when we look at the almost universal defeat of the party called Radicals, of whom Cobden, Bright, and Milner Gibson were the chief leaders. These men were for many years previous to 1846 the leaders of the great Liberal Free Trade movement in England. They have since been somewhat at a loss for a watchword and a distinctive party policy. But they have continued to give their advocacy to every measure which appeared to be honestly calculated to advance the interests of humanity, democracy, and civilization in England. Their defeat would, therefore, be a matter of deep regret, were there any doubt as to its cause. But it is plain that they have lost their elections because they combined with political opponents to throw factious obstacles in the way of the Administration; and for this wrong they are punished.

So far from indicating a decline in Liberal sentiments and republican tendencies, this election affords the most complete evidence that there never was a time when such sentiments and tendencies were so generally received in England as they are now. It is not so much by the "sturdy middle classes," as Mr. Thackeray calls them, that we hear democracy praised, and the example of the United States vaunted, but by the scions of the aristocracy, the sons of noblemen, the heirs to rank, fortune, and power. Like the French *noblesse* before 1789, the young nobility of England have almost invariably sought popular support with democratic professions on their lips; like them, they have got it—for the present.

The signs say that this Parliament will be more liberal than any in times past, and that while Lord Palmerston will be sustained against the Chinese, he must not expect the aid of the new House of Commons in carrying out any thing like a Conservative domestic policy.

THE KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Knock! knock!
You can not come in.
The door is brass
And the bolt is sin.
Stand on the threshold, trembling and cold,
Beautiful angel with hair of gold!

Maud, come hither and sit on my knee;
I'll kiss thy lips, and thou'lt kiss me.
Beatrice, thou of the milk-white hands,
Fondle my long hair's electric strands.
Blanche, no pouting! I vow I will rest
My head, if I like, in that dove-like breast.

Knock! knock!
You can not come in.
The door is brass
And the bolt is sin.
You are not meet for this company bold,
Heavenly angel with hair of gold!

Pile the wood up in the chimney wide
'Till the flame leaps high like the devil's pride.
In silver tankards simmer the wine,
Spice it with cinnamon fresh and fine;
And we'll bask and drink, and drink and bask,
While ever there lasts a log or a flask!

Knock! knock!
You can not come in.
The door is brass
And the bolt is sin.
Rollick and riot you must not behold,
White-robed angel with hair of gold!

The wine is bitter!—the blaze is dim!
What horrible chill creeps over each limb?
I scarce can see as I gaze abroad—
Where are ye, Beatrice, Blanche, and Maud?
Ah, Heaven! Come, kiss me—some fire—a light!
Speak lemans, or else I shall perish with fright!

Knock! knock!
How did you come in?
The door was brass
And the bolt was sin.
Where are your white robes, your hair of gold?
Angel of Death, your touch is cold!

CHAT.

DIPLOMATISTS IN EMBRYO.

A new batch of foreign ministers, chargés, and consuls, is in process of incubation. The Court of Pekin is already provided with a commissioner in the person of Mr. Reed, and the other centres of despotism and royalty will soon be similarly furnished. A large number of gentlemen who have been trying their hands at diplomacy during the last four years will shortly be out of place; and it is to be apprehended that their successors, on arriving at their respective destinations, will find themselves equally out of place. There are few characters in which an American citizen makes a more awkward figure than in that of the envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. The solid men who are sent to London, where the mother-tongue is spoken, and the familiar domestic institutions of roast beef and roast mutton prevail, get along pretty well, but those unfortunate politicians who are rewarded for their efforts on Western and Southern stumps by missions to the Continental courts, or consulates to distant islands of the sea, are objects of real compassion. They are, in general, totally ignorant of the language, manners, and customs of the people to whose sovereign they are accredited; they are victims of numberless impositions; they very soon arrive at the end of the outfit and the annual salary, and at the painful conclusion that they are not of the slightest use either to their own or the foreign power. What is there, for example, for an American minister at Naples, or Vienna, or Berlin, to do? "It costs a great many of these thalers to live in this place," we heard one of the most sensible men who ever represented our country at San Souci, say one day, in the bitterness of a spirit worried by incessant kitchen and stable conspiracies against his purse, "and there isn't the slightest use of my being here. There was Wheaton, he was here eighteen years, and the King invited him to dinner twice, once when he came and once when he was going away! and this is all he got by being here. If our Government has any business with these Prussians, let them send an agent out, and pay him by the day till the business is done; but to stay here year in and year out, and do nothing but write home letters retailing the gossip and scandal of the Court, it is all —— nonsense, Sir." Our friend the minister was about right. The whole diplomatic system seems an absurdity when we consider the character of our own institutions, or the character of the men whom we send abroad to represent us. The different posts are little more than convenient places of exile; they afford berths for needy office-hunters, or shelves for rival aspirants. Unfortunately the American minister or consul, like the English snob, is too often rated as the representative of his countrymen. Let us, at least, send men abroad who know how to behave themselves, and understand the rudiments of politeness. Those gentlemen who are in training for foreign missions would do well to put themselves immediately under the tuition of dancing masters and teachers of French. Their duties will be almost exclusively confined to drawing-rooms and deportment, whether they are accredited to King Bomba and the sunshine of the Chiaja, or to the Czar of all the Russias.

One thing, at least, should be required of every American who goes abroad with a diplomatic or consular commission in his pocket, and that is a decent civility to those of his own countrymen whom the chances of travel bring to his legation. He can not expect to do much toward adjusting or regulating the balance of power, but he can do something in the way of associating with the eagle and the stars and stripes, which indicate his official presence, the ideas of hospitality and comfort. The American traveler sees enough of flunkeyism in all its aspects in the European capitals, to make it quite undesirable to witness its reproduction on the most limited scale in the ante-chambers of the representative of his own country. If Mr. Buchanan will only send gentlemen as ministers to the courts where gentlemen go as tourists, he will do something to redeem the national character from the reproach too often cast upon it by the ignorance and boorishness of past incumbents of these sinecures of elegant leisure.

THE RED FLAG.

The piratical flag of the auctioneer is hung out on a great many "outer walls" about these times. It is quite a mystery how any body can sell property or goods in the way of legitimate trade at a living profit, when we see every description of property, real, personal, and mixed, from whole blocks of up-town lots down through all the varieties of raw material and manufactures, daily brought to the hammer, and "going, going, gone!" under its rapid and relentless strokes. There is something in the auction suited to the genius of our people. The excitement of competition, without which all business would stagnate into mere drudgery, is its chief feature, and satisfies the restless spirit of the bidders and buyers. By a perpetual species of delusion, every body fancies every thing he gets at an auction to be invested with that all-satisfying quality—cheapness, which covers the multitude of rocks in a valuable tract of city lots, or of spots in an invoice of silks, or cracks in an assortment of furniture. The month of April is the auctioneer's harvest. The number of dealers "declining business," the platoons of families "breaking up housekeeping" or "leaving for Europe" at this season would be quite surprising were it not a phenomenon of annual occurrence, one of the unfailing premonitions of the first of May. Nothing is too venerable, nothing too fine for these corsairs, whose bloody colors, flying from door-steps and windows, give token of the destruction going on within. Old family mansions, whole libraries of rare books, galleries of fine pictures including Presidential heads by Stuart, houses full of costly furniture with choice souvenirs of foreign art and taste, down they go, dispersed among a hundred buyers to swell the vast aggregate of "second-hand" property which staggers our minds whenever we ask ourselves the question, "What becomes of it all?" Among the numerous avocations pursued in the community is that of the regular auction attendant—the wary, sagacious, and experienced bidder—who lies in wait for the chance bargains, and turns a penny by picking them up in the intervals of brisker bidding. Sometimes, at a venture, he buys a "pig in a poke," in the shape of some "lot" of miscellaneous items, of unknown value, trusting to luck for results. At a Custom-house sale, a few years ago, one of these waiters on chance bid and bought, for five hundred dollars, twenty or thirty cases, sold for unpaid duties, and supposed to contain machinery, but which proved to be the apparatus for a light-house, and containing a "katadioptic" or Fresnel light of most costly construction, imported for a light-house in Florida, at a cost of over ten thousand dollars. But the auctions in Broadway and Fifth Avenue hold out no inducements in the shape of "contents unknown," as respects any of the items of their catalogues. It is safe to presume that property would not be so generally disposed of in this manner if it were not profitable. It is easy to "bid in," if the bidders do not come up to the mark; and there is, probably, in almost every auction, as at every faro table, a decided preponderance of chance against outsiders. Sometimes Mr. Peter Funk may be found in attendance even at the best-regulated auctions.

THE MARCY TESTIMONIAL.

South Street compliments ex-Secretary Marcy with a service of plate, to be presented to him within a short time, with due ovations. The subscriptions, limited to a hundred dollars from each contributor, flow in from all the leading houses; and it is expected that about seven thousand dollars will be placed at the disposal of the Committee. Ball, Black, & Co. are to get up a most elaborate service of silver, including every known article in that fabric; the merchants intending that since Mr. Marcy has acquitted himself so satisfactorily in his dealings with our foreign relations, he shall be amply provided with the means of entertaining his domestic relations. The eminently practical man grumbles at the silver service. Why not ten thousand dollars in a certified check on the Bank of New York, or a house, or a farm, or any thing except the dead capital and unproductive weight of a chest of silver? But the eminently practical man must remember that, after all, this is a testimonial, and not a *quid pro quo*. The most useful is not always the most suitable or most valuable, when the intention is not the payment of a debt, but the expression of a sentiment. The service of plate has come, by long-established usage, to be the aptest vehicle of commercial appreciation. It is solid metal after all, and, if need be, can be melted down into hard coin by its possessor. But, unmelted, it forms an heir-loom which can be handed down from generation to generation—perpetuating at once the memory of the first recipient, and the act of the donors in its original significance and grace.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

DIMES'S DOUBLE.

Dimes is at present grievously afflicted. He gives all the outer tokens of intense distress of mind. He puts on his shirt-studs without consideration—I saw him one day last week with absolutely *blue* studs and *red* sleeve-links—and goes whole days without changing his rings. The loveliest pair of boots I ever saw—boots that on ordinary occasions would have raised his spirits for a week—came home to him the other day from Papelin's, and still lie in a corner of his bedroom unnoticed. I tremble to think of it; but if this state of things continues, I feel convinced that Dimes will do something desperate—perhaps appear in Broadway in the costume of a Shaker, or, more horrible still, wear the same pair of trowsers twice running.

The secret of Dimes's misery is that he is pursued by a double—a remorseless, unappeasable, indefatigable, unconquerable double. This demon started into existence about three months ago. One day there appeared in Broadway, at its most crowded hour, when all the innocent young females of upper-tendom were unsuspectingly walking down town, so as to meet all the elegant young men coming up—at this delightful and fashionable moment, I say, a perfect counterpart of Dimes appeared. Hair, whiskers (very large, and English style), favorite waistcoat—every thing, down to the very scarf-pin—which is an elegant design of Dimes himself, representing the landing of Columbus, in pearls and oxydized silver. The imitation, to unpracticed eyes, was perfect; and none but a very shrewd observer would have detected a certain cheapness in the make-up which betrayed the forgery. Dimes wears nothing but English cloths; those worn by the double were evidently American. Dimes's scarfs are of the richest and purest silk; that of the double was the same color, but cottony. So on through the rest of the attire. It was Dimes in water-colors. Dimes come home from a bad washer-woman. Dimes faded and second-hand, poor and low-priced, but still Dimes. Conceive the astonishment of Broadway when it beheld, as it imagined, the correct, the elegant Dimes smoking a huge cigar in the full tide of the fashionable world. A cigar on the dollar side of Broadway at three o'clock in the afternoon! That very evening Dimes was harassed at Mrs. Honiton's reception about the cigar. Poor fellow! his blood ran cold when he heard of it. The next misfortune that overtook Dimes was the result of a similar case of mistaken identity. Miss Snag, the great Mississippi heiress, who has just emerged into society from Madame Cancan's fashionable boarding-school, and on whom Dimes is supposed to be rather sweet—Miss Snag was proceeding down Broadway on last Tuesday morning, intending to purchase a few trifles at Stewart's, when, as she reached that spot opposite the New York Hospital devoted to telescopes and boot-blacks, whom should she behold but Dimes—her Dimes—with one foot elevated on a species of wooden platform, and a dirty boy on his knees beside him spitting on a brush and applying it to Dimes's boots. Overcome with emotion, Miss Snag stopped short, and—the boot having been blacked—she beheld her swain pull three greasy cents from his pocket and give them to the boy. This was too much for Miss Snag. She immediately took a carriage and drove to Maillard's, where she had to take some refreshment before her equanimity was restored. One may imagine Dimes's horror when this fresh accusation was launched at his head. He have his boots cleaned in public for three cents! The thing was absurd. It was in vain that he explained about his double—the awful being who corrupted his tailor, and bribed his valet, and obtained the patterns of his most cherished garments before he himself had seen them. Miss Snag believed it to have been Dimes himself indulging in low tastes, and as she is a most aristocratic person—playing several tunes on the piano, and wearing gigantic hoops—I doubt much whether Dimes will ever be forgiven. The poor fellow vows vengeance on the rascal who has dared to resemble him in appearance; and as I saw the famous ivory revolver in Dimes's pocket the other day, I advise the double to look out. My friend is desperate.

THE BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH.

So desperate, that he proposed to me the other night that we should go to Quatremain's gambling-house. In my capacity of an observer of society, I have the privilege, of course, of going into every wicked place that I choose. I can always excuse myself by saying that I am studying character. I therefore made no resistance to the proposition of my friend Dimes; besides, I was not a little curious to observe this celebrated arena of avarice, extravagance, and all the other bad passions that grow in gaming-houses.

"I thought," said I to Dimes, "that gambling had been suppressed in New York. There were a great many prosecutions entered against gamblers some time since; what has become of them?"

"You might as well endeavor to suppress immorality in Boston as gambling in New York," answered Dimes. "People living in a state of perpetual uncertainty of means, as New Yorkers are, must necessarily gamble. The big men gamble in stocks, the little ones gamble at Quatremain's; that is all the difference. Neither does inevitable ruin result to those who frequent that gentleman's hospitable mansion. You will find men of moderate means that have been going there for the last ten years playing a small and cautious game, and when they have won twenty-five or fifty dollars, retiring with it prudently. These men are held in great contempt, and sometimes abhorrence, by the proprietors of the house. They, what is called, 'come to make their expenses;' and when a dealer at faro sees such a man enter the room, you will observe the sneer, but ill concealed, with which he salutes him. Not that his playing a timid game is considered objectionable, for the great profits of a gambling-table arise from the small rather than the large betters. Gambling-tables generally lose by the bold players; but it is the systematic way in which the man retires when he has won his fifty or twenty-five dollars that annoys them. The fellow conquers his nature—the nature of all men—which impels one to follow what is called luck; and as one may double his capital or treble it, almost every night, at faro, if he plays prudently and stops at the right moment, this man is universally unpopular. Most of these people are book-keepers and clerks, with small salaries, who spend more than their incomes, and very often derive a little revenue from faro. They have three alternatives—to live within their incomes, to rob their employers, or to gamble. The first they can't do; the second is dangerous; the third is therefore the one usually adopted. I saw a young fellow in the street the other day," continued Dimes, "who I knew to be a clerk in a public office—an establishment not celebrated for enormous salaries to small officials; he was driving a splendid span of horses, his carriage was of the latest mode, and his harness expensive and in perfect taste. The young fellow himself was richly dressed, but his horses were attired in a much more gentlemanly style than himself. How does he pay for all that, think you? You see him every night at Quatremain's; sometimes he makes a streak of a thousand or five hundred; but ordinarily he leaves when he has won twenty-five dollars. He is in very bad odor with Mr. Frappay, the dealer at Quatremain's.

"As to the prosecutions against the gamblers," proceeded my friend, "you ought to know the progress of justice in this city too well to have asked so absurd a question. Don't you see that men of that class enjoy immunities and privileges here that you or I can't obtain? What if there is a warrant against them! a policeman will take a drink at the same bar with them, and make believe not to see them. Judges will postpone their trial, or admit foolish technical offsets. Juries won't convict them. Even were they imprisoned, they would be allowed to walk about town a couple of times a day, and would perhaps dine at Delmonico's. I was at the theatre some time ago, and was talking to one of the officials of the place, who is a very witty and agreeable man, when a policeman came up to him. 'Hornet,' said this model officer, 'come and take a drink. I want to introduce you to Mr. ——.'

"'Well,' but who is Mr. ——?' said Hornet.

"'Oh! you know. The fellow that was convicted the other day of counterfeiting bills on the Montezuma Bank.'

"'But wasn't he condemned to be imprisoned?' inquired the simple Hornet.

"'Oh, yes! He's in prison now. But he's fond of the theatre, so I bring him along with me now and then.'

"So Hornet gave one of his intelligent smiles at me, and, like a man of the world as he is, went off to drink with this convicted forger of bank-notes. This I state as a positive fact. But here we are at Quatremain's." And Dimes, as he pulled the bell, said to me, "Remember, my dear fellow, the secret of all this is, that in New York rascality is more honorable than virtue. We are beyond the Spartans, who held thieving to be honorable when it was undiscovered. We respect and venerate the detected criminal."

The inner door of Quatremain's opened, and an ill-favored negro servant presented himself. He scowled ferociously at us for a few moments, and seemed as if he was about to turn us away; but after a short pause he appeared to recognize Dimes, and allowed us to pass in, and apologized, saying that he had orders from Mr. Quatremain to be very cautious with all comers.

Supper had just been placed on the table when we entered the temple of chance. Quatremain's rooms consist of two apartments—the outer one devoted to good fare, the inner one to faro. The supper-table, which stretched obliquely across the front room, was covered with a profusion of the most solid plate, admirably kept. Silver wine-coolers, on which the condensed vapors of the rooms hung in beaded drops; epergnes filled with the choicest fruits and flowers; soup-tureens of classic outline; side-covers incrusted with rich border-carving; massive spoons and forks, that felt perfectly solvent, so to speak, in the hand. In one corner of the room a buffet, filled with the plate not then in use, stood glittering in the lamplight. Around the table half a dozen negro waiters, silent and attentive, ministered to all the guests. The entire aspect of the room was quiet, orderly, and luxurious. Were it not for the muttered curses and the sharp click of the faro chips that came, faintly heard, from the other room, one might have fancied one's self in some private house, where the supper awaited the tardy guests.

There were a couple of men at supper when we entered, drinking Champagne and devouring partridge. They were flashy looking fellows—such as one sees staring at the ladies on the steps of the St. Bobolink—fellows with heavy mustaches and cruel eyes, and great gold chains meandering over their waistcoats.

"Those fellows are hangers-on here," whispered Dimes to me. "They live on Quatremain. They belong to respectable families, and are useful in the way of attracting young men here. They sup hungrily here every night, and will borrow five dollars of you to make a bet with, if you give them the slightest encouragement."

We entered the back room, and there, round the faro table, where Mr. Frappay was dealing, with an assistant at his elbow to exchange chips for money, and to see that Mr. Frappay did not omit to take up all the bets won by the bank; round this small table, some sitting, some standing, were a number of hot-faced, eager men, two deep. What a couple of rows of heads! Flushed foreheads, with the large veins choked with blood standing out in huge relief. Mouths twitching convulsively with an expression of suppressed agony, when the bank won and gathered in the bets. Pale faces, quite expressionless, all save the dark eyes, that from out their cavernous sockets burned with devilish lustre. Young faces, with the tumbled brown curls tossed off the forehead, and the cheeks hot and red, and the weary eyes never lifted from off the green board. Then again the eye rested on some calm, well-dressed fellow, with not a hair of his whiskers disarranged, who deposited his bets on each card with perfect precision, and won with the most enviable composure. An old hand, Sir. He paid a heavy price for that enviable composure. He is cool over the faro board, because, years ago, he wasted all the impetuous blood that makes life enjoyable over the board of green cloth. Don't envy him. If he were to see his mother weeping, his heart would not pulsate one beat the faster.

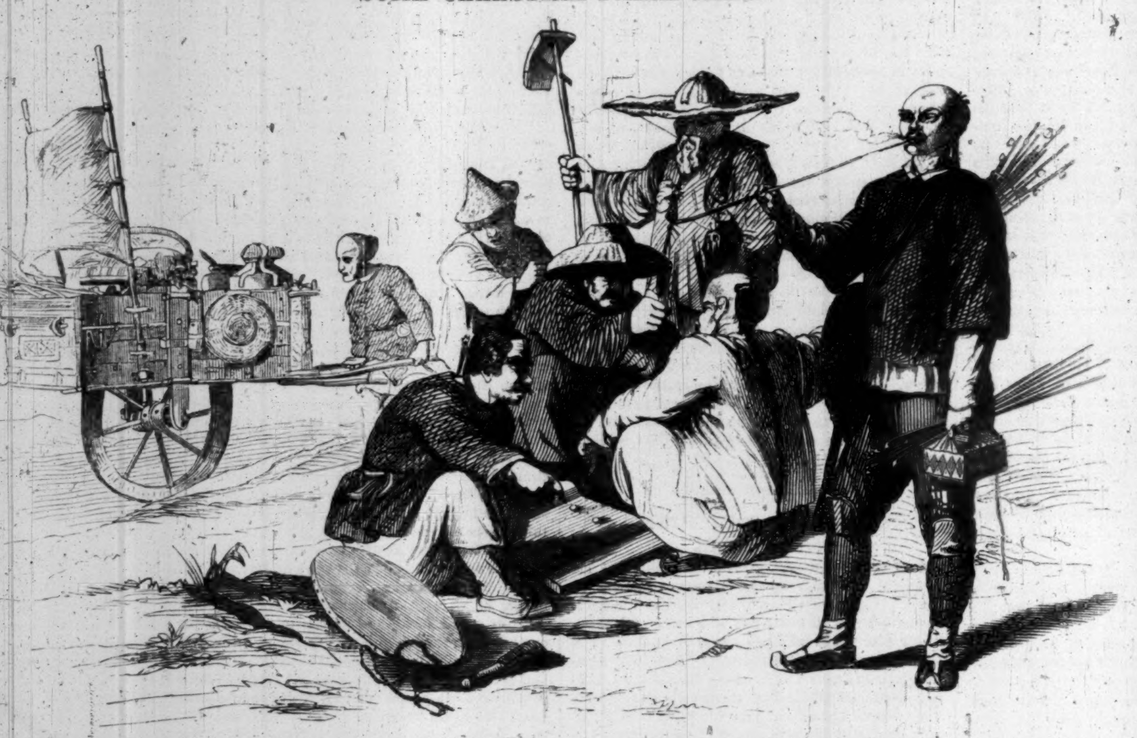
One or two of the players attracted my attention particularly, on account of their being so poverty-stricken. Whatever they may have commenced with, they had now left only two or three one-dollar chips. It was painful to see how they fiddled with their little treasure, clicking them between their fingers while they were waiting timidly to make a bet. I could see that those few dollars were their all for, perhaps, days to come; and I could imagine the chaotic current of self-reproach, hope, eagerness, timidity, despair, that rolled through their mind, with the one thought always vaguely uppermost—what would they do to-morrow? It was terrible to watch one of these men placing his little chip on a card. The hesitancy, then the convulsive dash, then the awful look riveted on the cards, as they slid under the dealer's hand; and when the bet was lost, the contrast between the methodical indifference with which Mr. Frappay gathered up the trifling bet, and the expression of fixed anguish on the countenance of the loser. It was only with the small players that I observed this emotion. Men who play largely must have resources, even if they lose; but the poor devil who comes to stake his five dollars will, perhaps, want his dinner the next day.

People who fancy that in a gaming-house men are always uttering wild curses, and drawing pistols from their pockets with which they instantly blow out their brains, are very much mistaken. The most perfect decorum reigned over Quatremain's table. A few oaths, uttered now and then in a low tone of voice, were exceptional, and generally good-humoredly intended. Little was spoken, and what was, was uttered in suppressed tones. Every body was too much absorbed to speak. Faro is any thing but a talkative game, when played seriously.

Ah! Mr. Quatremain, you know better than any one else that it is no laughing matter. And though men have not blown out their brains in your room, and spoiled your handsome carpet with their blood, you have not the less cruelly assassinated them with your devilish game. You are a very jolly fellow, I have no doubt, and you drive fast horses—your plate is magnificent, and your suppers are good; but if you could have the power of the clairvoyant bestowed on you, you would never laugh, or race, or drink more! Every where around you, you would see accusing ghosts pointing at you—ghosts that would not only arraign you for their murder, but for the infinite legacy of evils they bequeathed to the living at their death, through your cause. Mothers and sisters starving; girls pacing wearily the pavements of the city at night, bidding for dishonor; boys, born to better things, thieving at the Five Points, because their father spent his money at your table, Mr. Quatremain. Ah! Sir, I like to make money, and spend it as well as you, but I would not traffic in hearts and lives and honors. When a man pulls out a roll of notes, and hands it to your banker to be changed into chips, you know not but the happiness of his entire family is wrapped up in that greasy bundle. I declare I would rather never have lived than have registered against me the quantities of curses that have been heaped upon your head, you cruel, remorseless assassin! When I see you in Broadway, sleek and well-dressed, driving a splendid turn-out, I hate you, and were it not for the laws of the land and of conscience, would put a bullet through you without delay. I hear the groans of breaking hearts in the roll of your wheels; I see the death-warrant of a thousand honors written in every wrinkle in your abominable smirking countenance. Confound you! Why are you at large? We chain up tigers and lions. Is there, can there be a more ferocious, blood-thirsty beast than you are?

By this time Dimes had lost twenty dollars, and I had worked myself into such a state of indignation against gamblers that I made a precipitate retreat from Quatremain's, and abused Dimes all the way home for having taken me.

SOME CELESTIAL PARADOXES.



SAIL-BARROW. FARMERS. SAILORS. PIPE MERCHANT.

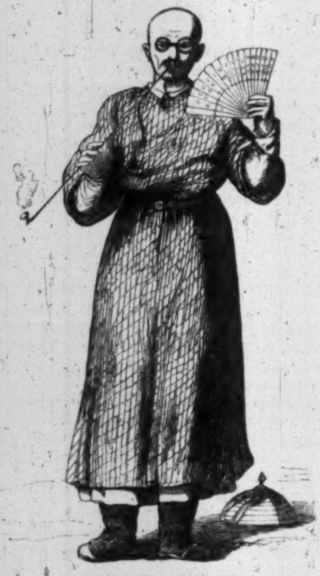
WE don't yet know all about China. We are but gradually being initiated into the mysteries of the "Great Chinese Puzzle," to the elucidation of which, we take leave to say, *Harper's Weekly* has contributed of late some valuable hints. Day by day, in these troublous times which so disturb the Celestial tranquillity, we gather more of the phenomena of Chinese life, and get a clearer insight into that most crooked of philosophies, the philosophy of Chinese living. Each steamer mail contributes some new fact, wrung from the reluctant Chinaman by the "incredible impudence and great masses of men" of the foreign barbarians. Every home-returning traveler, missionary, or diplomat prepares for us a tougher and truer story of the Flowery Kingdom than his predecessor's.

Doubtless many of the queerest traits in the character of John Chinaman are caused by the excessively crowded condition of his life and country. China is a vast town. Every where people swarm together, and jostle each other, and rub out, by close contact with their fellows, the little inevitable individuality of character they may have originally possessed.

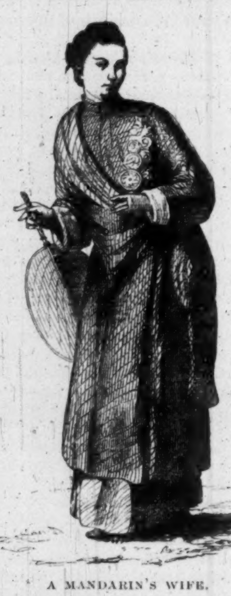
Let us look at some of the commoner phenomena of Chinese everyday life. In an over-populated country agriculture will necessarily take the first rank in the industrial pursuits. We find, in fact, that attention to the preservation and thorough cultivation of the soil is made in China a political as well as a social duty. And the incessant application of labor and manures to the land proves too that the people are engaged in a continued and unequal struggle with famine.

The land, indeed, is not sufficient to provide sustenance for its children. It is estimated that one Chinaman of every ten is a fisherman. The husbandman is first on the roll of producers. He stands next in rank to the sage or literary man. Next him comes the fisherman.

And in what various ways does this man beguile the finny tribes! In thousands of boats of all sizes and shapes, tens of thousands of fishermen crowd the whole coast of China—her rivers, lakes, and ponds—sometimes acting in concert and community, at others fishing alone. There is no species of craft by which a fish can be inveigled which is not practiced, and successfully, in China. On the rivers may be seen every variety of net, from vast seines, extending for miles, to the smallest hand-filet, intrusted to a child. There is no river which is not staked to assist the fisherman. There is no lake or pond which is not stocked with fish. By day and by night—by moonlight, starlight, torch-light, and no light at all—in boats, on rocks, on the shore, and on rude rafts—near the shore, and dozens of miles at sea—in fine weather and in storms, the Chinese fisherman pursues his calling. Hooks and lines, baskets, nets, divers, cormorants—every imaginable species of decoy and device is used.



A MANDARIN AT HOME.



A MANDARIN'S WIFE.

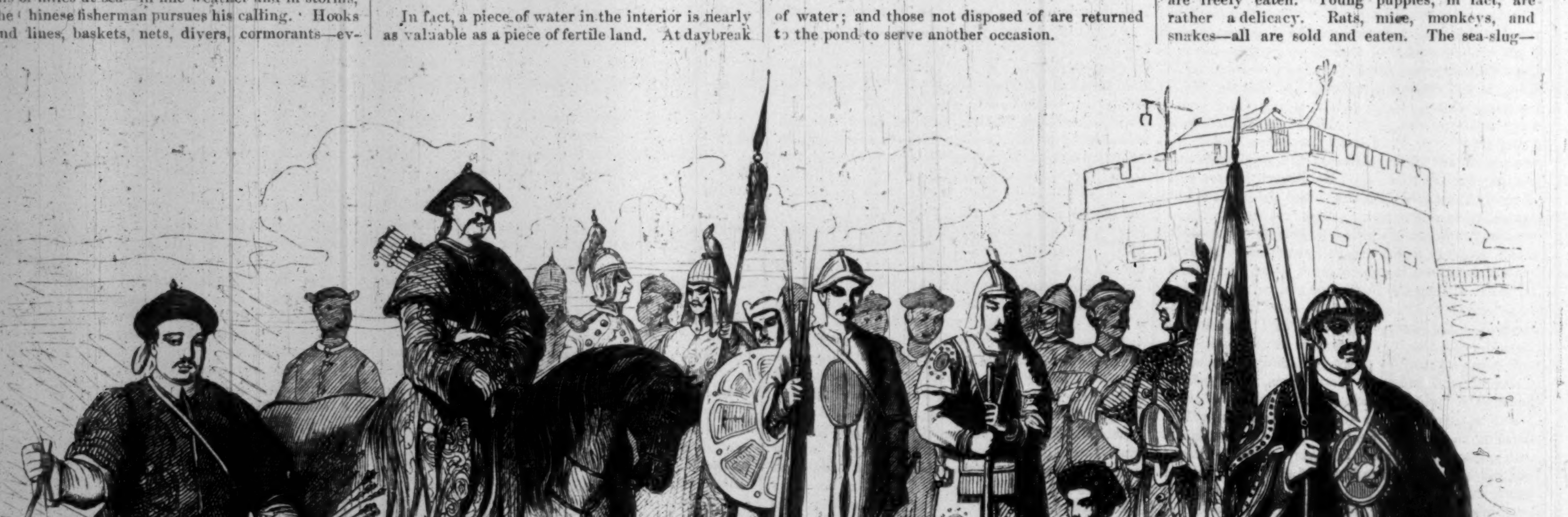
In fact, a piece of water in the interior is nearly as valuable as a piece of fertile land. At daybreak every city street is crowded with itinerant venders of live fish. These are carried about in buckets of water; and those not disposed of are returned to the pond to serve another occasion.

And not only fish do these lakes and ponds of China furnish forth for the nourishment of the inhabitants. They produce quantities of edible roots and seeds, largely consumed by the people. Among these the water chestnut and the lotus are the chief.

Then there is the enormous river population of China — thousands who live entirely in boats—who are born and educated, marry, rear their families, and, finally, die and are buried upon the water—people who know no other life than this floating one — who have no other shelter than the thin roof, nor any other tramping-ground than the narrow deck of their *sampan*. No traveler has been able to describe adequately the queer, floating life of these river people. In Canton alone no less than 300,000 persons dwell thus upon the water. Their boats, moored twenty or thirty deep, extend for several miles along the shore. The boatmen pursue the most varied trades and occupations. Their daily wants are supplied by floating merchants, who itinerate through the alleys of the vast aquatic town, while the amphibious dwellers derive their nightly entertainment from floating theatres, concert boats, and gambling dens. To the majority of these people the shore is strange, and a visit thither is only made on holiday occasions. Many, however, labor by day on shore, and sleep and have their homes upon the water.

With all this aquatic population there is yet lack of room for the prolific millions of China. And so there are people who, having no boats nor any place on land, dwell on artificial islands, which float upon the lakes—islands constructed upon rafters and logs, and bearing not only dwellings and necessary conveniences, but also gardens, in which the industrious islanders raise such vegetables as they need, and space for poultry and for flowers, and other necessaries and luxuries.

The Chinaman notoriously unites within himself the most opposite qualities. His actions bear, very frequently, no likeness at all to either his principles or his general character. Debased as he is—utterly given over to all manner of brutal indulgences, and the slave of the lowest passions—he is yet, as regards food, habitually temperate. Two meals per day satisfy him—the "morning rice" at 10 A.M., and the "evening rice" at 5 P.M. Tea is the universal beverage; the cheapest kind, costing about 12 cents per pound, is in commonest use. And travelers relate that the poor people are glad to use the leaves at second-hand; that is, when they have already been infused once. Your Chinaman is a man of few prejudices. He has a most catholic stomach, which refuses nothing which its master may think fit to give it. Dogs are freely eaten. Young puppies, in fact, are rather a delicacy. Rats, mice, monkeys, and snakes—all are sold and eaten. The sea-slug—



CHINESE TROOPS OF VARIOUS GRADES.

the most hideous of objects to view—is a luxury which only the millionaire Chinese can pamper himself withal. Unhatched chickens and ducks, rotten eggs, and stale meat—such are some of the materials with which the poorer Chinaman comforts himself for the absence of more nauseating foreign luxuries. Meantime so delicate is the poor fellow's stomach that he can not bring himself to taste milk, abominates butter and cheese, and subjects his pigs to a most uncomfortable diurnal scrubbing for months before he turns them into bacon.

With the most decided tendency to stay at home and keep himself apart from all the world of foreign barbarians, whom from his innermost heart he despises, there is yet no greater wanderer than your Chinaman. He is found in all countries within the temperate and torrid zones—ever trading, cheating, lying, and hoping, some day, to return home to peace, puppy-dogs, rat-pies, and a wife with infinitesimal feet. In Siam there are at least two millions of Chinese. Cochin-China teems with them. In Java they number 136,000. They are found in every island of the Indian archipelago. Multitudes go to Australia, to the Philippines, to various parts of British India, to California, South America, and the Sandwich Islands. Thousands emigrate every year to the various West India Islands. Wherever you please to go, in these days, you will find John Chinaman, with humble bow and servile smile, ready to victimize you in a business way.

He is even aggressive in his tendencies, and has, little by little, gained from the natives the control of the important islands of Hainan and Formosa—always intending to return home by-and-by. This is his theory. In practice, it is said, not one in ten ever revisits his native land.

But harder than all to reconcile is the paradoxical regard and disregard for life which obtains among the Chinese. The habits of this wonderful people, their traditions, and the teachings of their sages—all cause a powerful development of the procreative affections. To be childless is to be unhappy—even to be degraded in the public esteem. The wife who bears her lord no children forfeits her marital rights in favor of another. The prospect of the extinction of his family is looked upon with horror by every Chinaman. The marriage of children is one of the greatest concerns of families. Scarce is a child born ere the question of its future espousals becomes a topic for frequent discussion. To promote marriages seems every body's concern, and the proportion of unmarried people is very small. Moreover, age is much respected. The amount of reverence due grows with years. Age may be pleaded in extenuation of crime, and in mitigation of punishment. And the Emperor sometimes gives presents to the oldest people of the Empire, who are regularly enumerated.

With all this, there is no country in the world where life is so little regarded as in China. Multitudes perish every year for want of sustenance, and little account is made of their sufferings. They disappear, and naught is said. Thousands are annually lost in the typhoons which devastate the coast, and destroy the fishing vessels. In the wars millions of lives must have been lost. The yearly loss of life, by public executions alone, was always frightful. For some months during the rebellion the executions in the province of Quangtung (Canton) alone, amounted to over 500 per day.

A dead body is an object of so little concern that it is sometimes not thought worth while to remove it from the spot where it breathed its last. A recent and reliable writer says: "Often have I seen a corpse under the table of gamblers. Often have I trodden over a putrid body at the threshold of a door. In many parts of China there are towers of brick or stone, into which young children—chiefly females—are thrown by their parents; a hole being left for the purpose in the side of the wall. I have seen ponds which are the habitual receptacle of female infants, whose bodies lie floating about on their surface."

It is by no means unusual to convey persons in a state of exhaustion a little distance from the city, to place near them a pot of rice, and leave them there to perish of starvation.

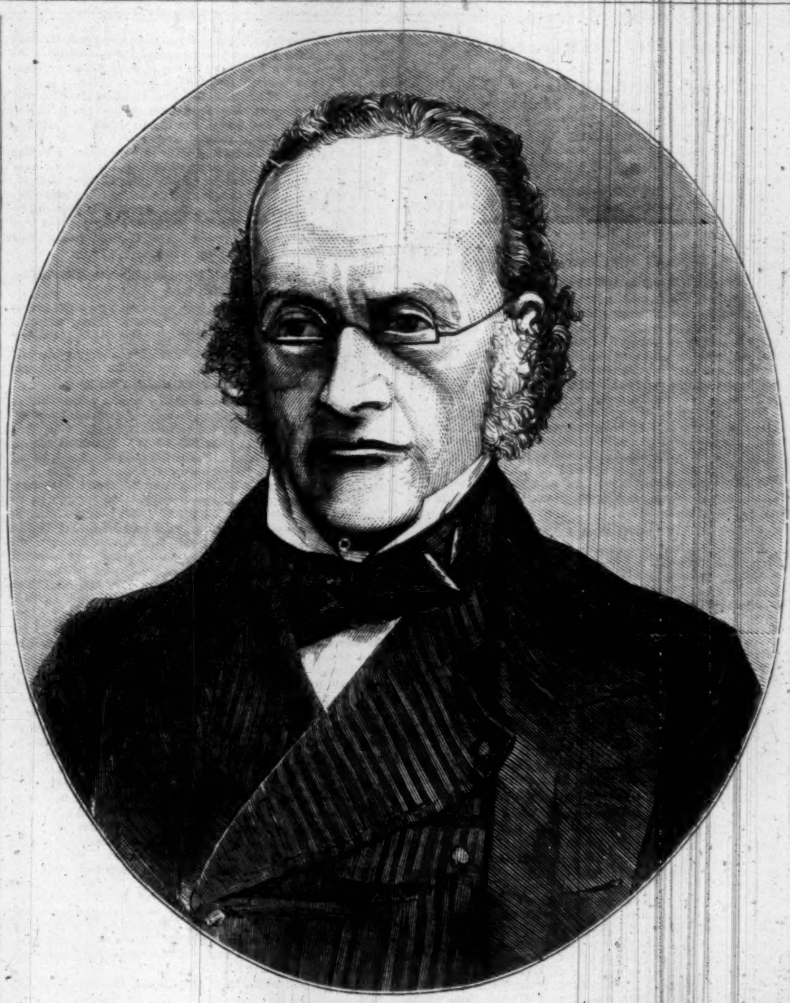
Such are some Chinese paradoxes; the effects of a conflict between natural tendencies, and the pressure of iron necessities. To the credit of the Chinese character we must mention, in conclusion, that their wise men have often written against the enormous sin of infanticide. Their arguments sound strangely to barbarian ears. *Kwei Chung Fu*, one of the most eloquent pleaders for infant China, who professes to have been inspired by the god of literature, says: "To destroy daughters, is to make war upon Heaven's harmony" (in the equal numbers of the sexes); "the more daughters you drown, the more daughters you will have; and never was it known that the drowning of daughters led to the birth of sons." He recommends abandoning children to their fate "on the wayside" as preferable to drowning them, and then says: "There are instances of children so exposed having been nursed and reared by tigers."

"*Where should we have been*," he sagely asks, in conclusion, "*if our grandmothers and mothers had been drowned in their infancy?*"

Putting which very profound query also to the reader of this article, we will for the present take leave of the subject.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Every body has heard of Sir John Bowring, the representative of Queen Victoria at Hong Kong, the author of the recent bombardment of Canton, and the ablest envoy England has sent to the East for many a year. This time last week it was not known here whether he had not been recalled in disgrace, in consequence of the peculiar vote of the British Parliament on the Chinese question; now we know that he will be sustained and rewarded. The present moment is therefore opportune for the publication of his portrait.



SIR JOHN BOWRING, BRITISH GOVERNOR OF HONG KONG.

As his likeness very plainly tells, he is an old man—in his sixty-fifth year—now nearly closing the thirtieth year of his public service. Sprung from a commercial family, and educated at a parish school fifty or sixty years ago, what he knows he owes to himself. An aptitude for acquiring languages was his earliest distinguishing characteristic. When he was twelve, he could speak two languages besides his own; when he was sixteen, he spoke and wrote French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, and German, besides English. At a later period in life his linguistic attainments rivaled those of the famous Mezzofanti. Thirty tongues and dialects are enumerated in which he could express himself with ease. He constantly made long journeys on foot in various parts of Europe, in order to perfect himself in the spoken language of the people.

Having grown rich by trade, as a partner with his father, young Bowring began to devote attention to political and literary pursuits, and soon made himself noticed. As a political economist he was a follower of Bentham, and assailed his enemies with such violence as to draw forth many pungent retorts. These are mostly dead now; but the following verses are still published in Moore's works. We ought to say, by way of preface, that the Greeks were then struggling for freedom, and that their agents were in London trying to raise a loan for them. Bowring had subscribed for a large sum.

> The ghost of Miltiades came at night,
> And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite;
> And he said in a voice that thrill'd the frame,
> "If ever the sound of Marathon's name
> Hath fired thy blood or flush'd thy brow,
> Lover of liberty, rouse thee now!"
>
> The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed,
> Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,
> And he found the scrip of Greece so high,
> That it fired his blood, it flushed his eye;
> And oh! it was a sight for the ghost to see,
> For never was Greek more Greek than he.

Somehow, after the name of the ardent Benthamite had been put down for a given sum, bad news came from Greece, and the stock fell. Bowring is overwhelmed. Is he

> A patriot still? Ah, no—ah, no!
> Goddess of Freedom, thy stock is low;
> And warm and fond as thy lovers are,
> Thou triest their passion when under *par*.
> The Benthamite's ardor fast decays—
> By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays;
> And says, "Oh! Greece, for liberty's sake,
> Do buy my scrip, and I vow to break
> Those dark, unholy *bonds* of thine,
> If you'll only consent to buy up mine."
>
> The ghost of Miltiades came once more,
> His brow, like the night, was lowering o'er;
> And he said, with a look that flashed dismay
> "Of liberty's foes the worst are they
> Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
> And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine.

It is actually said that Mr. Bowring—or Dr. Bowring, as he was called—made ten thousand pounds by inducing some Greek bankers to relieve him of his bargain.

For many years, beginning with 1828, Dr. Bowring was employed by the Government to report on the tariffs of foreign countries, and perform other similar work. On his separation from office he became a Radical leader, a vehement advocate of an extension of the franchise, and a friend to liberal measures generally. He and Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece, acted together, and were close friends. He served for a short while as Editor of the *Westminster Review*. This helped to put him in Parliament, where his unflinching Radical course made it quite desirable for Lord John Russell to get rid of him. He was offered and accepted the Consulship at Hong Kong. This he held till 1853, when, returning to England, he was knighted, and created Governor of Hong Kong, the office he now holds.

During his residence in the East, it is understood that Sir John Bowring has made himself a perfect master of the Chinese language, and several other Asiatic tongues. The work he has just published on Siam evinces a knowledge of that country such as no other foreigner has ever displayed; and the replies to the questions of the Registrar-General on the condition of the people of China evince equal labor, clearness of comprehension, and sagacity. Sir John Bowring is understood to advocate the forcible opening of the Chinese rivers.

Strange to say, this Benthamite—this hard-fact political economist—will, perhaps, be best remembered by his efforts in verse. We owe to him the best—almost the only—translations we have of the older Russian, the Bohemian, and the Hungarian bards. His poetry would fill as many volumes as his trade reports.

LITERARY.

The Social Condition of Ancient Rome, and the Changes effected therein by the Progress of Christianity (Die bürgerliche Gesellschaft in der alt-römischen Welt, und ihre Umgestaltung durch das Christenthum), is the title of a treatise by Professor C. Schmidt, of Strasbourg, which has obtained the prize offered by the French Academy of Sciences for the ablest discussion of the following questions: What influence was exerted, during the first centuries of the Christian era, upon the social condition of the Roman Empire, by the doctrine and practice of Christian love? Can it be shown that, asserting and preserving the rights of justice and of property, as religious virtues, Christianity progressed by the power of conviction? And, finally, what was the peculiar and new spirit, made evident by its institutions, by means of which Christianity exerted a commanding influence upon Pagan society?

The answer to these questions forms necessarily an historical justification of Christianity, in which, on the one hand, must be given a fair view of the moral and social condition and tendencies of Pagan Rome, and on the other a *resumé* of the ameliorating and ennobling influences exerted by Christianity when brought in contact with Pagan morals, manners, and laws. To satisfy ably these conditions, a most thorough acquaintance with the moral and social condition of the Roman Empire, for some centuries preceding and subsequent to the commencement of the Christian era, was needed. Professor Schmidt has brought to his task the diligence necessary for so vast a research; and his essay, regarded as a critical review of early Christianity, founded upon its earliest effects on the greatest nation of that day, will interest all earnest and inquiring Christians.

The essay falls naturally into three parts. In the first, is given a vivid portrait of the moral and social condition of Pagan Rome before the introduction of Christianity. In the second, we have an interesting and particular account of the modes of life, manners and customs of the earlier Christians, so far as these were affected, directly or remotely, by their interpretation of the teachings of Christ and the Apostles. In the third part, we have the *result*—the effect of their teaching and example upon the nation *as a nation*—mostly slow, often almost imperceptible, but in the course of time most overwhelming. This portion is of greatest interest. Here we perceive how gradually the public mind, the laws, and more especially the social regulations of the Roman world, were modified and changed by the great sentiment of Christian love and brotherhood—how a new spirit was breathed into the public morals—how, unconsciously to themselves, the greatest minds of those times were affected by the sublime truths of the Christian faith. The ever-growing influence of the spirit of Christianity, particularly exemplified in its modification and amelioration of the Roman laws, is finely developed, and the overshadowing might of the great Christian principle of universal love, wherever proclaimed, is clearly and beautifully proven.

The work is attracting much attention among Evangelical Christians in France and Germany, not only as an interesting historical disquisition, but also as a logical demonstration of the great truth, that the fundamental principle of the Christian faith, uniting all men in a universal brotherhood, and working only by the moral force of a sublime and self-sacrificing love, will conquer all opposition, and make its way to the hearts of every people upon whom its pure light is shed.

An Historical and Statistical Account of the Foreign Commerce of the United States, showing the Foreign Commerce of each State, compiled *by J. Smith Homans, Jun.* New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

This book is precisely what its title indicates, and we have reason to think it a reliable and accurate compilation. As such, no one can afford to be without it. The information contained in it can not be found elsewhere, except in the annual reports of the Treasury Department, from 1820 to the present time. It furnishes the precise value, character, and amount of our foreign commerce with each and every nation, large and small; at the same time that it gives the condition and comparative value of the commercial transactions of the several States.

The Child's Book of Nature. Three parts in one: Part 1. Plants; Part 2. Animals; Part 3. Air, Water, Heat, Light, etc., *by Worthington Hooker, M. D.* Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a perfect gem for the children, and not valueless for grown-up children. In the pleasantest manner, and with the aid of capital illustrations, the author explains those phenomena of nature which surround us, but which we are not apt to observe unless educated to notice them from very childhood. The uses of the roots of a plant and its leaves, the various weapons which God has given to animals, the philosophical and chemical principles which apply to daily occurrences, the cause of gunpowder explosion and the explosion of a pop-gun, the reason that water runs down hill, the structure of the eye of a man and the fur of an animal, the effects of light, heat, and electricity; each and all of these subjects, and countless others, in their proper places, the author lays before his young readers in the most attractive and impressive manner. The book is, in fact, a complete introduction of the young pupil, by a path he will find delightful, to the more difficult but not less interesting problems of natural science.

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1. The Young Pilgrim; a Tale Illustrative of "The Pilgrim's Progress," by *A. L. O. E.*, author of "The Claremont Tales," etc.
2. The Way Home. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

These are books for the young. The first is an application of the prominent points in Bunyan's glorious allegory to the life and death of a young person, illustrating the truth that even in a few brief years youth may have accomplished all that long, weary, but, in the end, triumphant journey of Christian the pilgrim.

The second is a different book. All mothers have the idea (and is it not pardonable?) that their own children possess peculiarities which rank them intellectually and morally far above all others. It is well that it is so. When death enters our house and takes away one of the little ones, whose angel doth thenceforth in heaven always behold the face of the father, we can not believe that any other household was ever half so dark, any other home half so desolate. We laugh sometimes in spite of ourselves at the rhymes which fond mothers attach to the obituary notices of their children—miserable doggerel verses, which have done duty in the same way for regiments of departed little ones; but for all that, we never sneer at such mothers, and God forbid we should ever say or do aught to make any such parent grieve more than she has grieved over the little grave. Thus much, by way of preface to a notice of this book, which is the biography of two children who were killed in a railway car in England, and whose mother has thought fit to give their lives to the world.

She is not mistaken in supposing them to possess peculiar interest. It is seldom that so touching and beautiful incidents of real life reach the public eye as are contained in these pages, which, though recording the simple stories of the earliest childhood, relate them in such a way as to draw tears from eyes that are not given to weeping over books. The writer, an afflicted mother, is a lady of strong good sense, and her remarks are full of force, beauty, and comfort to all who have suffered such affliction as she has undergone.

We find in this book an item of literary intelligence which is not without interest. The author of that most exquisite of songs, "I'm wearing awa', Jean," otherwise known as "The Land of the Leal," has never been known. Our author speaks of a personal friend of her own, an old lady, who wrote not only that song, but many others; and although she does not give us her name, she speaks of her as the mother of "William, Lord N——," whose tombstone is in the cemetery at Brussels. If any one who is passing through Brussels, on the way to the Rhine this summer, will look up this stone, and give us the name, we shall know the author of a song unsurpassed in melody and beauty, as it is almost unequaled in universal admiration. We can not lay aside this little volume and this subject without extracting a short poem, which is given us by this same old lady, written when over seventy, and which, although it has no title in the book, we will call

THE SONG OF THE OLD.

By the Author of "The Land of the Leal."

Would ye be young again?
So would not I;
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore—
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Tread o'er your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away!

Where there are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight—
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight;
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me.
Fly, Time, fly speedily—
Come, life and light!

THE DAYS OF MY LIFE. An Autobiography by the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "Lillie's Leaf," etc., etc.

Mrs. Oliphant is one of the most remarkable writers of the day. Her romances have all the charm of realities, and possess that attractiveness which all books have that lead the reader on from page to page, from scene to scene, with the idea that he is reading a page out of a true life story. Such is especially the character of this book. Its thrilling scenes of life, its joys and its griefs, are such as all have felt and can understand, and therefore all must be interested to read. Some of the scenes are drawn by a hand that, it would seem, must have grappled with pain, did we not know that the experience of sorrow seldom gives the power to describe it. The sadder side of life certainly has a prominence in the book, but the end redeems the sorrow. We have seldom read a more powerful story.

Among the publications of this day which fall into the hands of editors, librarians, and booksellers, none possess more substantial interest than the catalogues of publishers. They illustrate the advance of the art of printing as well as the advance of the art of reading—for both are arts, and each is necessary to the other. It would be curious to trace the history of books, for the sake of knowing at what precise period new orders, new classes or genera of books were introduced—when the first travel reader demanded the printing of a book of travels, the first novel reader a novel, the first school-boy an arithmetic, the first dull man a book of fun. In old times, printers confined themselves very closely to particular lines; now they print every thing on the same presses, and sell all sorts of works on the same counters. These remarks are suggested by Messrs. Ivison & Phinney's Catalogue of School and College Text Books, which, they think, contains the most extensive list of works of this class published by any one house in America; and which is, in this respect, a curious and instructive pamphlet.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

D. Appleton & Co.

America and Europe. By Adam de Gurowski. 12mo, $1 25.

The American in Japan: an Abridgment of the Government Narrative of the United States Expedition to Japan, under Commodore Perry. By Robert Tomes. 12mo, $1 25.

Things Not Generally Known; a popular Hand-book of Facts not readily accessible in Literature, History, and Science. Edited by David A. Wells. 12mo, $1 25.

Robert Carter & Brothers.

Hymns of Faith and Hope. By Horatius Bonar, D.D. 16mo, 75 cents.

Fowler & Wells.

How to Talk: a New Pocket Manual of Speaking, Conversation, and Debating; with Directions for Acquiring a Grammatical, Easy, and Graceful Style. 16mo, 50 cents.

Harper & Brothers.

The Child's Book of Nature. Three Parts in One. Part I.—Plants. Part II.—Animals. Part III.—Air, Water, Heat, Light, etc. By Worthington Hooker, M.D. Square 16mo, $1 25.

The Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses, connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. 12mo, $1.

Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.

Gracie Amber. By Mrs. C. W. Denison. 12mo, $1 25.

Life Pictures; from a Pastor's Note-book. By Robert Turnbull, D.D. 12mo, $1.

PHILADELPHIA.

J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Charity of the Primitive Churches; Historical Studies upon the Influence of Christian Charity during the First Centuries of our Era, with some Considerations touching its Bearings upon Modern Society. By Rev. Stephen Chastel, of Geneva, Switzerland. Translated by G. A. Matile. 12mo, $1 25.

Priesthood and Clergy Unknown to Christianity; or, the Church a Community of Coequal Brethren. By Campaginator. 12mo, 75 cents.

Washington in Domestic Life; from Original Letters and Manuscripts. By Richard Rush. 8vo, $1.

BOSTON.

Sheppard, Clark, & Brown.

Scandal. By Mrs. J. T. Bickford. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 25.

CINCINNATI.

Moore, Wilstach, Keyes, & Co.

Hooper's Western Fruit Book. By J. E. Hooper. 12mo, $1.

ROCHESTER.

William Alling.

Twenty-two Years a Slave, and Forty Years a Freeman. By Austin Steward. 12mo, $1.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE NEW GRANADA IMBROGLIO.

IT is understood that the Administration has received official intelligence of the failure of Messrs. Morse and Bowlin in their negotiations with New Granada. That State presents a counter claim for damages, and the newspapers and politicians of Bogota are extremely violent in their language. The Cabinet has had the subject under consideration, and has directed a naval demonstration to be made on either side the Isthmus. The *Independence*, *John Adams*, and *Decatur* are to cruise off Panama; the Home Squadron, with the *Wabash* flag-ship, is ordered to Aspinwall. Mr. Morse is coming home.

THE TEHUANTEPEC GRANT.

There has been much talk during the week in reference to the Tehuantepec grant. A dispatch from New Orleans was received at Washington to the effect that advices had been received at the latter place stating that the Mexican Government has admitted that the contractors to open the Tehuantepec road have complied with the terms of the original contract, and that the official authorities have received the road.

This dispatch is not credited at the Mexican legation. The Cabinet is said to have referred the grant to Attorney-General Black to decide whether under it the United States Government have acquired any rights. It is expected that an arrangement will be made whereby the United States will get the route, or a right of way, and Comonfort the millions he requires. Mr. Forsyth has not yet been replaced.

TROOPS FOR KANSAS.

General Harney is appointed to the command of the troops for Kansas. A large force will be detailed to accompany the Commission that is to draw the southern boundary of Kansas. No troops are to be sent to the Territory who have been engaged in the past troubles there.

THE UNION NEWSPAPER.

Mr. Harris has assumed the editorship of the Washington *Union*, with Colonel Carter, of Pennsylvania, as assistant. An attempt is said to have been made to secure the services of Edmund Burke of New Hampshire as assistant. It is understood to have failed in consequence of Mr. Burke's unwillingness to accept a subordinate position. It is not well known how the paper will stand. The Administration deny that it will be their organ, but Mr. Harris is not believed to acquiesce in this view. A sale of the paper from Wendell, M'Guire, & Co. to Harris is, of course, stated to have taken place.

WASHINGTON ITEMS.

Don Leon Alvarado, of Honduras, has presented his credentials as Minister to the United States Government from his State. He has lately returned from England, where he has been engaged in getting up the Honduras Railway.

A letter from Mr. George Herrick, charging Assistant-Secretary Clayton with something very like Galphinism, having been published in the New York *Herald*, and the writer's name made known, Mr. Herrick has been severely beaten by a relative of Mr. Clayton's. An investigation of the charges is progressing.

The Foreign appointments have not been taken up, nor has any Domestic appointment of note been made during the week. It is stated in some of the newspapers that the Governorship of Utah has been offered to Major Ben M'Culloch, of Texas, and declined.

Ex-President Pierce has visited Concord, New Hampshire, leaving Mrs. Pierce under medical treatment in Philadelphia.

The presents from the Kings of Siam, to which we alluded last week, consist of a solid gold snuffbox (weighing upward of five ounces), quaintly ornamented in colored enamels; a long pipe, with a tiny bowl richly ornamented with enameled gold, for smoking opium; a pair of large shears (made somewhat like those in general use in this country for shearing sheep) for trimming the beard; a sword of exquisite temper, with a scabbard made from a single piece of lancewood by some process of morticing that few American workmen could equal; a musical instrument resembling a flageolet; two "tam-tams," or drums, each made from a single piece of wood, about two feet in length and ten inches in diameter, with strips of cane instead of cords, and giving a clear, distinct note when beaten; spears, fishing tackle, etc., etc.

THE LEGISLATURE AT ALBANY.

The Legislature adjourned on Saturday, 18th. Among the bills passed into laws we may mention the Supply Bills, the City Charter Bill, the Metropolitan Police Bill, the City Hall and Central Park Bills, the Excise Bill, the Emigrant Aid Society's Charter Bill, the bill to pay legislative committees for services during the recess (over the Governor's veto), the bill to enable parties to testify in their own behalf, the New York Assessment Bill, etc., etc. The most notable bills lost were the Trinity Church Bill and the Broadway Relief Bill. The Dred Scott resolutions were passed, in form as given last week. The new Police Commissioners, as appointed by the Governor, are Messrs. Simeon Draper, James W. Nye, and Jacob Chalwell of New York, Edward W. Fish (vice Stranahan declined) of Kings, and James Bowen of Westchester, with the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn. New port wardens have been appointed; likewise new harbor masters; but three of the present incumbents will hold over, the Senate having rejected some of Governor King's nominees.

A good deal of feeling was created by the refusal of the Legislature to increase the salary of the Governor's private secretary.

It is understood that the constitutionality of the new charter, police law, and excise law will be tested in the courts.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE DEBT.

At our latest advices from California nothing had been done in the Legislature in regard to the State debt, but it was thought that some action would be taken on the subject previous to the adjournment. A Stamp Act—a financial measure for relieving the State from her present embarrassments—had passed in the Lower House. It places a tax on all foreign bills of exchange, drafts, or orders, and also upon passengers' tickets in vessels leaving the State. The tax on a two-thousand dollar draft is fixed at four dollars, and on first-class passenger tickets six dollars. It was thought that the act would become a law. The Senate had passed the bill of impeachment against Henry Bates, the State Treasurer, and he was declared henceforth disqualified from holding any office of honor or profit in the State of California. Proceedings in the impeachment case of B. C. Whitman, late State Controller, had been postponed until the 23d of March.

ELECTIONS.

Various local elections have taken place. At Albany, the Democrats have elected charter officers by a light vote. At Jersey City, Patterson, and Trenton, N. J., the Democrats have been equally successful at the charter elections. Henry J. Adams, the Free State candidate, has been elected Mayor of Leavenworth, Kansas.

Further details of the election in Iowa, briefly noticed last week, go to show that the Republican majority is equal to that of November last.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION.

The U. S. steamship *Niagara* has sailed to England, there to receive on board the telegraphic cable, and thence proceed to lay it on the telegraphic plateau. Professor Morse, the electrician of the Company, and two Russian officers went as passengers on board. Mr. Toucey refused to permit any newspaper reporters to accompany the expedition, alleging a rule forbidding national ships engaging in the passenger business.

LYNCH LAW IN IOWA.

On Saturday, the 11th instant, Eli Gifford, a half-breed, was hung by a mob in Jackson County, Iowa, for killing John Ingalls. On the same day, a mob at Bellevue, Iowa, forcibly entered the jail there, and taking a prisoner, charged him with murder and counterfeiting, and hung him. Great excitement prevails in the vicinity.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

On Sunday night two members of the Legislature, one representing the City of New York, and the other a Northern county, both stopping at the Congress Hall at Albany, enticed a colored boy, named Levi Johnson, who is employed as a hall-boy, to enter their room. "Just for fun" they wished to make the boy drink. He refused to drink. They insisted that he should. He still refused; whereupon they took him by the neck, threw him on the floor, and forced the liquor down his throat. Not satisfied with this, they shaved about six inches of hair off his head. He looked after the operation like the pictures of the evil one, as representing his Satanic majesty. This may have been fun to them for the moment, but it was not so to Johnson, for he on Monday came before Justice Cole and obtained a warrant. It was placed in the hands of officer Teelin, but before the precept was served, through the intervention of friends, the matter was adjusted by each paying Johnson $5.

WAS MRS. CUNNINGHAM MARRIED TO DR. BURDELL?

This question has been again agitated by a legal investigation before the Surrogate. The case is not yet closed. Mrs. Cunningham relies, in a great measure, on her daughter's evidence, which, if believed, places her marriage beyond question.

LITTLE DORRIT IN NEW YORK.

One day last week Coroner Perry held an inquest, at the Sixteenth Ward Station-house, upon the body of Sarah Peel, an Irishwoman, aged forty years, who died at that place late the previous night. She was found, about ten o'clock Saturday night, by a policeman, in an open yard, at No. 68 Seventh Avenue. A little girl, eight years of age, and two younger children (boys) were lying beside her upon a pile of rags. When spoken to by the officer she answered faintly, and being unable to walk, was conveyed with the children in a cart to the Station-house. The officer said her breath had a disagreeable smell, but he could not state positively whether she had been drinking. She was put in one of the most comfortable cells and kindly cared for, but she died during the night. The children said deceased was their mother—that they had eaten nothing for a long time, and were very hungry. Their wants were attended to. At the inquest the little girl, Mary Ann by name, was examined. She told a very sad tale most artlessly:

"That is my mother," she said, pointing to the corpse. "The night before last two men came into our house, and turned my father and mother, and me and my two little brothers, out. We had nowhere to go. We then went to sleep in an entry. Nobody turned us away all night. In the morning father went away to look for another place. He was gone all day. We had nothing to eat, and were very hungry. Father came back at six o'clock, and then went away again. Nobody would let us into their house, 'cause they said if they did the landlord would turn them out. The folks we hired the house of hired it of somebody else. So we went into the yard. Mother said she was very sick; she had been sick a long time before, and my little brothers cried. Mother lay down, and I put some rags on her to keep her warm, because she said her head ached so bad. When it got dark my two little brothers lay down, and I put some things over them, and I got some rags to put under them too, and then I sat up to watch. By-and-by a policeman came along, and then he went away and got another one, and they lifted her up and put her into a cart, and took us all here. Mother didn't want to leave the yard. She said to the policeman that she wanted to stay where she was."

MAYOR WOOD SOLD.

Some days since a New York correspondent of a Boston paper, in noticing the pulling down the walls of the "Old Brick Church" in New York, in a playful manner said that they were attacked and demolished by "sixty Irish Catholics in broad daylight," and that although the act was committed within half a mile of the Mayor's office no one was arrested, etc. A clergyman in Lawrence, Massachusetts, not taking the joke, wrote a very powerful letter to Mayor Wood, to know if the facts were as stated. The Mayor, completely deceived, replied as follows:

"MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, *April* 11, 1857.

"DEAR SIR,—The statement made by the New York correspondent of the Boston *Daily Journal* and published in that paper, referred to in your communication of 9th instant, is a gross and malicious fabrication; not one word of truth is contained therein.

"Had any *attempt* of the kind been made, I should have used every resource in my power to prevent such disgraceful proceedings, and to preserve the peace and protect the property of our citizens. Very respectfully,

"FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor."

ANOTHER POLICEMAN MURDERED.

Another policeman, while in the honest discharge of his duty, has fallen a victim to a couple of burglars, whom he caught in the act of prosecuting their nefarious business. At about 1 o'clock on Wednesday morning, as Officer Stephen P. Hardenbrook, of the Ninth Ward Police, was patrolling his beat in West Street, near Amos, he discovered two suspicious-looking young fellows emerging from the store No. 3?5 West Street (the front door of which they had burst open), with large bundles of clothes in their possession. He commanded them to stop, and at the same time seized one of the burglars by the collar, when the latter showed fight, and resisted with all his power. In order that the villain should not escape, the officer tapped him on the head with his locust, which had a subduing effect for the time. But while he was still contending with the prisoner, the other burglar came up stealthily from behind and stabbed the officer in the left side or back, about two inches below the shoulder-blade. The weapon used must have been a large dirk-knife, as the case for such an instrument was then dropped on the sidewalk. The burglars then ran up West Street to Hammond, up Hammond to Washington, and down Washington to Perry, closely pursued by the wounded officer, who sounded the alarm rap as he ran. On reaching Perry Street, Officer Hardenbrook grew weary and faint from loss of blood, and when Policeman Downey, of the same District, went to his aid, he found him resting against a coal-box, and speechless. In answer to a question, Mr. Hardenbrook, when sufficiently recovered, stated that he was injured, and in a few minutes afterward blood was discovered on the sidewalk. The poor fellow died in a few hours.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE WASHINGTON POISON.

Mrs. Robert Johnson, the wife of a distinguished citizen of Newark, was taken ill five weeks ago after staying a few days at the National Hotel, Washington, and died last week. Her symptoms, like those of the other victims, were not easily reconciled with the miasma theory.

ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM THE TOMBS.

A curious conspiracy among the most infamous characters in the Tombs has just been discovered by Mr. Gray, Warden of the Prison. The principal leaders in the conspiracy were Thomas Dening, charged with arson; George Hanford, charged with burglary; John Dorsey, a negro, charged with murder; and John Smith and John Lecoster, charged with murder on the high seas. It is believed that about twenty others had joined in the conspiracy, and as many more were ready to take part in it the moment the first blow was struck. The plan laid down was to make the revolt on the Sabbath, immediately after the conclusion of the sermon. Each prisoner was to be armed with knives and pistols, to be furnished them by their friends outside. The deputy-keepers on duty were to be seized, and, if possible, thrust into cells and locked up; but if this could not be effected, they were to be dispatched with knives. The pistols were to be reserved to prevent recapture. After releasing themselves from prison, they were to break their way into the room occupied by the Court of Special Sessions, and thence into the street. The conspiracy was well planned, and would have been carried into effect last Sunday but for the vigilance of Mr. Gray, who received an intimation of it in time to prevent its perfection. An investigation then followed, and the above facts were elicited. The ringleaders have since been placed in separate cells upon the ground floor, ironed, and strongly guarded.

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.

The new Free State Mayor of St. Louis thus alluded to the emancipation movement in his inaugural address:

"It is a universally-admitted truth that labor is the only creator of wealth and material prosperity. It is equally true that skilled and intelligent labor of free white men is more productive than the compelled labor of slaves. Civilized society owes every thing to labor, upon which it is founded and upheld, and for this reason all should unite in guarding the rights of labor, and upholding its dignity, because in the same degree that its rights and dignity are maintained, the prosperity of all is enhanced. There are those, however, so wedded to the pride of dominion, that they prefer to see the interest of free white labor degraded by an injurious competition which, while it ministers to the pride of individuals, militates against the prosperity of the State. The resolutions recently introduced into the Missouri Legislature were intended to bind our State and city in all future time to a system of labor unsuited to our condition, lowering by its competition the labor of freemen of our own race, and tending to drive from us the immigration from Europe and the older States. The people of St. Louis have, by their late action, rebuked the authors of these resolves. They have calmly and fearlessly taken their stand. They have decided in favor of the many against the few. This declaration, I am satisfied, will never be reversed. There are none now who openly assail it. It is believed that no man or combination of men can prevent its becoming the policy of our people. It is best for the State that it should be peopled by white men. When this shall have been accomplished—when the toiling masses who create all wealth and uphold the very framework of society shall thus assert the dignity and nobility of labor, then shall our State assume the proud position which belongs to her, as the centre of the continent, the focus of 10,000 miles of river navigation, and the possessor of a climate and soil not surpassed by any portion of our country."

THE QUARANTINE.

The Quarantine Commissioners having selected a site for the new Quarantine at Mr. De Wolf's estate, near Red Bank light-house, much indignation is felt by the citizens of Staten Island, and on the 13th inst. they held a mass meeting, and appointed a committee to wait upon the Governor and protest against the measure. This committee on Saturday reported the particulars of their visit to a mass meeting held at Richmond Court-house. The principal interest in opposition is the oyster trade of Princes' Bay, which is said to amount to a million and a half of dollars. The committee reported that the Governor was astonished at the immense interest involved, and promised to look into the matter carefully, and perhaps visit the ground again. The citizens express their determination not to let the Quarantine come there in any event.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ELECTIONS.

OUR London Correspondent writes on 3d instant: "Thus far the result of the elections has taken every one by surprise. John Bull is a patient animal, but the yoke of dictation galls him, and his resentment is furious. In somewhat hasty zeal he has ousted many of his oldest and best-tried friends. The strongest Parliament will be 'out of doors,' consisting of the non-elected. Already the list of the defeated is pretty long, and more are yet to come. Manchester has rejected Bright and Gibson; and Cobden and Fox, the Unitarian. Layard and Cardwell, Chambers and Butt, the two Phillimores, Roundell Palmer and Oliveira, Wilkinson and Sir W. Clay, Apsley Pellatt and Sir J. Walmsley—all 'sent to the right about.' It seems incredible! What the upshot, in cabals and coalitions will be, time alone can show. In Mr. Oliveira we lose the champion of the reduction of the Wine Duties. Last session Mr. Apsley Pellatt put three acts on the statute-book, and also very nearly succeeded with a bill for the Abolishment of Imprisonment for Debt; but he was one of the founders of the Royal British Bank, and his late constituents showed their sense of indignation against all participators in that monstrous swindle, by declining the dishonor of having any one connected with it to represent them. In Sir J. Walmsley we lose a champion of Political Reform; in all the rejected we lose something, which the new men may possibly not be able to supply.

"The Hebrew Rothschild is again elected to represent the City of London, although he can not take his seat in the House. 'He had been asked,' he said, 'in Guildhall on Friday how he would have voted on the Chinese question. Now, as a commercial man, he would state, without entering into the merits or the details of the question, that he should unhesitatingly have voted with the Government. The Government ought to avoid every occasion for plunging the country unnecessarily into the miseries of war; but, as a commercial man, he thought it well for the principal to confirm the acts and contracts which his agents were empowered to enter into and had a right to make. He knew the disadvantage that agents labored under when the confirmation of their acts was doubted, and the effect which that doubt and uncertainty would have in the negotiation of other great questions.' This common-sense view of the matter is the one the country has acted upon in the elections.

"Sir Francis Baring, who has represented Portsmouth for twenty-five years, scarcely saved his seat, and Admiral Berkeley, First Naval Lord, has been turned out of his seat by one of the City of London magistrates, Sir R. W. Carden. Mr. Frederick Peel—'Red-tape Peel'—has been beaten at Bury. The elections are not yet all concluded, and there may be other startling results."

WHAT THE QUEEN MIGHT SAY.

He adds: "We may imagine Her Majesty, when next she meets her 'faithful Commons,' addressing them something to the following effect: 'I grieve to miss many of the old familiar faces.' 'Where is our doughty knight Richard Cobden, who for so many years fought with zeal, energy, and singleness of purpose, the hard Fight for Food. I never expected to see, I never hardly wish to see, an English House of Commons without him. I could have better spared a better man. But it gives me no little satisfaction to know that with him, and his compatriot, John Bright, the *League* has disappeared from our Parliament.' Turning to Mr. Gladstone, she will say: 'We are glad to miss your noisy friend Phillimore, his room is better than his company.' Smiling upon Lord John, she will say: 'I perceive you came in *third* for our loyal city of London—you know as well as we do ourselves, that you owe your seat partly to our Tory friends, and partly to the grateful exertions of the community whose political rights you have ever advocated with so much perseverance, but with so little success.' Looking toward the Speaker's chair, occupied, *pro tem.*, by the veteran Sir De Lacy Evans, in virtue of his election being the first declared, she will say: 'Welcome! first-born of our new Parliament, worthily dost thou occupy that seat of honor! May the laurels that encircle your brow never become faded.' 'We miss too our servant Layard, whose flower of promise was nipped in the bud, but his loss is compensated for by the return of Kinglake. Mr. Frederick Peel, so unlike his father, him too, we miss.'"

NET RESULTS.

It was hoped that by the 10th of April a tolerably correct estimate could be formed of the general result, and of the political organization of the new Parliament. There are three candidates for the speakership of the new House. Mr. M. T. Baines, Ministerial; Mr. Walpole, Opposition; and Mr. Fitzroy. The choice will be between the two former; and this, the first act of the new House of Commons, will test the strength of the Government, which, there is little doubt, will be able to command a large working majority.

DISGRACEFUL ELECTION RIOT.

The English papers congratulate themselves on having only one riot to deplore. But that was a good one. It occurred at Kidderminster, where Mr. Lowe (who was lately in this country) was the administration candidate, and a Mr. Boycott the opposition candidate. The supporters of the latter behaved barbarously and brutally. Every one who was thought to be in favor of Mr. Lowe was hissed, groaned, and vilely treated. Forty special constables, and one or two regular policemen, under the superintendence of the chief constable, Mr. Merrifield, contrived to preserve a space for voters to pass through the crowd to the booth, but whenever an elector gave in his vote for Mr. Lowe the mob assailed him with groans and execrations, spat upon him, kicked and cuffed him, and subjected him to the most dastardly ill usage.

On the close of the poll at four o'clock, Mr. Joseph Kiteley, the Mayor, announced the number of votes recorded. This assurance of Mr. Boycott's defeat seemed greatly to exasperate the mob. Stones were thrown into the booth. Loud imprecations were uttered against Mr. Lowe and Mr. James Pardoe, and numerous Tory adherents prepared themselves with manifest premeditation to attack Mr. Lowe and his supporters. Loud calls were made for Mr. Boycott to "come out, and let us kill the ——," and the ruffians threw a volley of stones into the booth, injuring most of those inside it; upon which Mr. Boycott and his friends retired and proceeded toward the town, the mob making way for them and cheering them as they passed. Their departure was a signal to the cowards surrounding the booth, and instantly missiles of every description, stones, brickbats, palings, and even penny-pieces, were thrown at Mr. Lowe and his friends, accompanied by oaths.

MR. LOWE NEARLY KILLED.

Mr. Superintendent Merrifield then proceeded to form his policemen; and Mr. Lowe, with Mr. James Pardoe, and Mr. Holmes and others, walked up the lane, preserved here by the special constables. By this means the right honorable member got in front of the mob, although stoned all the way, and waited with the Mayor for a few moments while the constables formed themselves into an escort. Before, however, Mr. Merrifield's men could arrange themselves in order, showers of missiles literally rained upon Mr. Lowe, his supporters, and the officers. Mr. Lowe was bleeding copiously from a wound in the head, and nearly every person around him was cut in the face and head. Under these circumstances a retreat became necessary, and the right honorable member and his friends retired toward Mr. Shepherd's school, hotly pursued by the infuriated mob, who stoned them with revolting brutality. Luckily the pursued gentlemen gained refuge in Mr. Shepherd's house, which stands back from the road, and is protected by high iron gates and a seven-feet wall. The mob endeavored to force an entrance into the place, and tried to wrench the locks off the gates; the attempts were unsuccessful, but they did considerable damage. Mr. Lowe was seriously injured and weakened from loss of blood, and it was found necessary to secure the services of Mr. Stretton, surgeon, forthwith. The mob allowed the medical man to pass through them into the house, and directed him to inform his patient that they were determined "to do for him" before he left Kidderminster. Mr. Stretton discovered that Mr. Lowe had sustained a fracture of the right parietal bone of the skull, in addition to a lacerated scalp wound and two severe contusions on the side of the head.

WOULD YOU LIKE A TITLE?

A Mr. W. Williams, a candidate for Lambeth, stated at a meeting of the electors that a whipper-in buttonholed him upon one occasion, and addressed him in the following terms: "What a misfortune it is you are always so cross with us; we don't care about the Tory party denouncing us, but it is most unpleasant to see you, a Liberal, and a supporter of Government in a great number of instances, finding fault with us, and exposing us in all sorts of ways. You don't want a place or money, but I should like very much to make friends with you. What would be agreeable to you? Would you like honors—a *title*?" The *Times* says this must have been a joke.

THE QUEEN'S ACCOUCHEMENT.

It is now understood that the accouchement of her Majesty may be expected in the early part of next month.

THE DOWRY OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

One of the most delicate questions to be introduced in the next Parliament will be the dowry and annuity of the Princess Royal. Parliament will, of course, vote it willingly and liberally, but the outcry in the country against it will be most violent, and the fifty thousand pounds a year to the Princess will turn into fifty thousand arguments against the court. Lord Palmerston is too sagacious not to see this logical result, still the Queen insists upon a most liberal dowry, having the precedents of former reigns on her side.

MR. THACKERAY AT EDINBURGH.

Mr. Thackeray has been *fêted* at Edinburgh. In returning thanks he said:

MR. THACKERAY'S IDEA OF HIMSELF.

"If this kind of reception is to continue—if such hospitality is to go on—if I am to be feasted every day in this way, or in a way almost equally good—allow me to say that, with these dinners, and with this kindness, and with this hospitality, you are taking my bread out of my mouth. It is quite an error to suppose that I am a man possessing any benevolent feelings or any generous sympathies with my fellow-creatures. My business is to find out snobbishness, and meanness, and vulgarity, and base motives in all the people among whom I go. I read in scores and scores of valuable critical works that such is my only task, that such is the dreary occupation of my existence. It is said that if I try to speak of a good man, I render him absurd, and mean, and vulgar; and of a good woman, that she, too, is foolish, and vapid, and insignificant; that it is only with agreeable vice that somehow or other my business in life lies, and, in fine, that to picture wickedness, and selfishness, and meanness is my task. I know that this must be true, because I read it a very short time ago in a Liverpool newspaper; and not only in a Liverpool newspaper, but in a Liverpool newspaper which was quoting a Scotch newspaper. This Scotch newspaper enounced these facts which I have been mentioning. 'Catch this fellow,' says the Scotch newspaper, 'saying any thing kind about any body;' and the Liverpool newspaper which prigged my lecture backed up the opinion of the Scotch critic. 'Catch him praising any body or saying any thing good of any body.' He loves nothing that is lovable; he praises nothing that is praisable. And yet I thought that in those lectures, which some of you were pleased to come and hear, I had certainly not praised some monarchs who had lived hundreds of years back, but I had praised Burke, and Reynolds, and Goldsmith, and Johnson, and the literary men, the men of art and the men of science, the good men of the time, whom I value more than the Star and Garter wearers of those old days."

HIS POLITICAL OPINIONS.

In reference to his political opinions, he said:

"As far as I know of my political opinions, I belong to the class that I see around me here—the class of lawyers, and merchants, and scholars, and men who are striving on in the world, of men of the educated middle classes of this country. And, belonging to them, my sympathies and my desires are with them. If it happened that we were all here an assembly of noblemen and earls, we should, no doubt, form a Viscounts' Government, and think it the best of all Governments possible. If a difficulty arose in China, for instance, we should look for my Lord Duke A. to go out and settle the difficulty, or we should ask Earl B. to go, if my Lord Duke A. were not inclined. If a Minister were wanted at Washington, we should send my Lord A. to fill the place; or if a Minister were wanted elsewhere, there would be some other lord who would be quite ready to accept the office. If we had a war, we should select a noble lord from the Horse Guards to fill the place of Commander-in-Chief, we should select a couple of noble earls to command the cavalry, and we should find out a number of gentlemen of the best families to go on the staff of these noble lords. If I, for example, were the noble lord who occupied a high position at home, and especially if I should possibly have a relative in a far distant land where the war was going on, I should most undoubtedly and most justifiably write out to those in authority at headquarters to take care of my relative. Against that system I could scarcely protest, because it is perfectly natural. I think it is quite fair that a noble lord should send out and say, 'For Heaven's sake, take care of Dowb;' but for us on our side I think that we are bound also to look after Tull and Mac. Tull and Mac belong to our family; they are of the working, sturdy middle classes. They are men in whom lie, as I believe, the safety, the hope, and the main part of the intelligence of our country. It is to their party that I would like to say that I belong, and I hope that my confession will carry no disloyalty with it, and will meet with no very sincere disapproval from the strongest Conservative present."

STRANGE INCIDENT AT CHURCH.

At Warwick, the other day, Lord Campbell and his fellow Judge attended the service at St. Mary's Church. The Reverend Albert Boudier, apparently ignorant that Parliament was non-existent, began to read the usual prayer for the Parliament. Whereupon Lord Campbell cried out, much to the amazement of the congregation, "No, no! there is no Parliament." Mr. Boudier passed to the next prayer.

FINANCIAL TROUBLES.

The financial circles of London are greatly excited, owing to the discovery of several enormous swindling stock transactions and defalcations. One projected banking concern has cheated its dupes to the amount of seventy thousand dollars without taking the first step toward commencing business; another has closed up after sinking its entire capital of a million and a quarter; a steamship company has been defrauded of a quarter of a million; and an Australian agricultural company has squandered two millions of dollars and seven thousand acres of land, the shareholders, meanwhile, being kept in profound ignorance of the condition of its affairs.

WHAT IT COSTS TO GET BURIED.

A curious case has just been decided at one of the assizes in England. The plaintiff was an undertaker, named Alexander, and the defendants were the executors of one Hayton, whose funeral Alexander supplied. The claim made for that ceremony was no less than £405; but the defendants paid into court £225, and denied further liability. Hayton was formerly a person in a humble position of life, but by successful railway contracts he succeeded in amassing a large sum of money, and at his death, which took place in last December, he was represented to be worth between £40,000 and £50,000. One of the defendants, Mr. Kirby, was a surgeon who attended Hayton in his last illness, and he was named one of the executors of his will, and engaged Alexander to conduct the funeral. The ceremony appears to have been performed in the most extraordinary and extravagant manner. The deceased was placed in a brass-bound coffin, and there was a sort of "lying in state," after the body was screwed down; and for the expenses connected with this ceremony, among which was a charge for a new suit of clothes, a black silk scarf, and hat-band and gloves for a person to "show up" the company who came to see the "lying in state," a very considerable sum was charged in the bill. Another item was £169 for "remembrances" in the shape of scarfs and gloves, and "elegantly embossed cards," which were sent to sixty-six persons. The defense was that the expenses were *not* incurred on the authority of the executors, and that it was absurd to supply silk scarfs and black gloves to a number of "navvies" who attended the funeral. The jury, however, returned a verdict for the full amount claimed.

A FEMALE CAT-SKINNER.

At one of the city courts in London, the other day, one Mary Beckett, a dirty, ragged, and very ill-favored woman, about forty-five years of age, was charged with skinning two cats alive. It appears that this horrible practice has of late been very much on the increase. The prisoner had long been suspected, and had frequently been watched by the constable. She was constantly about the streets at all hours of the night, in the very places where the cats were usually found, but until the present occasion she had never been detected in the act of disposing of them. At about five o'clock that morning, a costermonger, named Payne, living in Nottingham Court, saw the prisoner skulking about with something bulky in her apron. He watched her, and presently saw her stoop down, and thrust two skinned cats under the flap of the cellar. He then went in search of Steadman, who took her in charge, and led her back to the place pointed out by Payne, where he found two skinned cats. They were both quite warm and smoking, and one of them still quivered. The prisoner then said, "They were the first two I ever done;" and afterward added, "Don't make it very bad against me, I will stand a drop of gin." He took from her the apron and a couple of knives, and took her to the station-house. On examining the carcasses, he found a mark of a spike at the back of the head of each, the usual mode of performing this horrible operation being to fix the head of the animal to a spike, by which it was "half stunned," so as to be incapable of fighting against its torturer. Mr. Henry asked what was the usual price of their skins? The constable said he believed they fetched 2*s.* 2*d.* when taken from the living animal, but otherwise they were utterly worthless. The fur lost its gloss. Mr. Henry said that the utmost punishment he had power to inflict was three months' imprisonment with hard labor, and he should sentence her to the full extent of that penalty.

A MISTRESS NEARLY KILLED BY HER SERVANT.

Another horrid case has frightened English ladies. Elizabeth M'Manning, an Irish servant, locked up her mistress, Sarah Callow, and proceeded to pound her head with an iron weight of seven pounds. Mrs. Callow, though knocked down, having succeeded in disarming M'Manning of the weight, the latter seized a poker and struck Mrs. Callow on the face, breaking two of her front teeth. The tongs were next put in requisition, and repeated blows struck with them. The next endeavor was to thrust a boot into Mrs. Callow's mouth, and to tear out her tongue. Failing in this attempt, M'Manning endeavored to scoop out her mistress's eyes, after which she broke a water-jug over Mrs. Callow's head, then grasping her by the hair, knocked her head against the wall, and beat her face with her fist. During the attack, which continued for two hours and a half, M'Manning repeatedly declared her intention to kill her mistress, swearing she should never leave the room alive, and bidding her look at the sun for the last time. When Mrs. Callow was rescued by her husband she was streaming with blood, having five dangerous scalp wounds, a lacerated mouth, and several wounds. There was also a concussion of the brain. She owed her escape with life only to her courage and presence of mind in defending herself, which she had done with such resolution that her assailant's hands bore marks of her teeth. The motive for this deadly assault was simply that M'Manning had been reprimanded by her master for insolence to her mistress.

FRANCE.

THE BOURBONS FIGHTING AGAIN.

The two sections of the Bourbon family—Valois and Orleans—have split again, to the express regret of Henry V. They can not agree about the flag which they will use when they get at the monarchy again.

LONGWOOD GIVEN TO THE FRENCH.

It is announced that Count de Persigny, the French Embassador at London, has obtained from the English Government the concession of Longwood, the house occupied by Napoleon I. at St. Helena, and of the tomb in which his body was at first deposited. These places, which are rendered sacred by glorious reminiscences, had undergone painful transformations. His Majesty Napoleon III. wished to put an end to that profanation, and the spot rendered illustrious by the exile of Napoleon I. is about to resume a character worthy of the great *souvenirs* it brings to mind.

FAILURE OF GREEN AND CO.

Messrs. Green & Co., the oldest established American bankers at Paris, have suspended payment.

This house, established more than thirty years ago by Mr. Wells, of Boston, has constantly been the principal banking-house for Americans in Paris.

The business of this house has been immense. Some time ago Green & Co. engaged with a French commission house, Dutehl & Co., for a grand speculation in merchandise in Guatemala. Green & Co. advanced the funds to carry on this enterprise. The Walker war breaking out, the speculation was soon found to be a bad one; but in the hope that the war would soon cease, or that some other means would be discovered of saving the money already advanced, Green & Co. continued to furnish funds until they had reached a figure somewhere between two and three millions of francs. At last the house found themselves obliged to withdraw their support from the enterprise, Dutehl & Co. failed in consequence, and drew Green & Co. with them.

Messrs. Green hope to be able to resume in eighteen months. Meanwhile Messrs. Monroe & Co. will protect their letters of credit.

THE EMPEROR'S FLIRTATION PROGRESSING.

M. Fould, whom every body knows, has recently given a grand fancy ball. The saloons were of course brilliantly illuminated, and decorated as they always are with the choicest flowers. The Emperor and Empress arrived at 11 o'clock. The former preserved his mask entirely. The latter dressed again after her arrival, and appeared as a Persian lady habited in a robe of thick silk gauze, striped with white and blue, without crinoline, and covering the whole person from the neck to the feet. The head-dress was a white cashmere vail, entirely covering the face, with the exception of a square opening left for the eyes, but protected by silk netting. The Princess Mathilde was only conspicuous by her hair being powdered. Lady Cowley, the English embassadress, personated the character of Mary, Queen of England. The two rival Spanish beauties were objects of intense interest. Madame de Serrano, the Spanish embassador's wife, wore a most bewitching Andalusian costume, black and rose-colored and richly embroidered. The Countess de Castiglione took every body by surprise by appearing as a simple Norwegian countrywoman. To decide which bore away the palm would demand the skill of Paris himself; but it was remarked that the masked Emperor more than once added fresh lustre to Madame de Castiglione's eyes by the pleasant tone of his voice.

NOT BAD FOR A JEW BANKER.

The name of the Pereire brothers, Jew bankers of Paris, is well known. A member of some large stock company, of which one brother is a chief manager, fell into dispute with him about the management, and being discontent with the absorbing share that Pereire took in the direction, and vexed at the rough way in which he treated his protestations, finally exclaimed: "Do you mean to eat me up?" "My religion," answered the banker, "prohibits me from doing that."

SPIRITUALISM AT PARIS.

We stated last week that Mr. Hume, the spirit-rapper, had left Paris. The cause of his abrupt departure is given by the *Court Journal* as follows:

"A few nights ago a grand *séance* had been prepared for him at the house of one of the principal officials about the Court. The company was limited, and of the first water. The names had all been submitted to the practitioner, who had objected to three of them—those of Eugène Guinot, the feuilletoniste; General Baraguay D'Hilliers; and Nadaud, the composer—all of them atrocious unbelievers, wretched infidels and scoffers, wholly devoid of all sensibility or imagination. The wizard had promised that night to evoke the spirits and render them visible to the sight, and every preliminary experiment was attended to with impatience, so great was the hurry to witness the crowning master-piece of the performance. At length the lights were all extinguished but one, a solitary wax taper on the mantle-piece, behind the figure of the practitioner, which cast its long, gigantic shadow on the walls and ceiling of the room. The silence was complete; some of the ladies crouched behind their neighbors, and resisted the temptation to faint only by reason of their curiosity; others stared around, hoping, yet dreading, to see something awful and terrific, that they would be driven to hysterics. The voice of the wizard was heard, amidst the silence, demanding whose spirit should be summoned to appear.

SOCRATES IS SUMMONED FROM THE GRAVE.

A faint whisper, from a distant corner, thrilled through the room—"Let it be Socrates, the greatest of philosophers." A pause ensued—no objection or opposition being manifested, the wizard raised his arm, and waving it toward the door, solemnly bade the spirit of Socrates appear and stand before him. Again the silence was resumed, and the wizard remained, with extended arm and muttering lips, gazing toward the door.

HE APPEARS.

It slowly opened, and, amidst the utmost terror, the company beheld the entrance of a figure, enveloped in a kind of floating drapery, something like a winding-sheet, which advanced with noiseless tread over the carpet, and stood before the conjurer. The white and flowing beard, the bald head and crushed nose were unmistakable—Socrates stood, as in life, in the very midst of that gay and frivolous circle, evoked from his slumber of centuries to furnish sport for a Parisian salon. The awe and terror of the company were at its highest, and the figure glided back in silence, while yet the effect produced was at its culminating point.

FREDERICK THE GREAT APPEARS IN HIS WINDING-SHEET.

When it had disappeared, compliments, of course, poured in upon the operator, who, shaken to the very fingers' end, could not help expressing his surprise at the unusual promptitude with which the summons had been answered, and full of the excitement of unlooked-for success, yielded to the entreaties of the same voice which had spoken before, and which now implored the evocation of Frederick the Great. The wizard again stretched forth his hand toward the door, although doubtful if his electric current would be strong enough to accomplish two evocations so rapidly one after the other. He was observed, however, even in the dim light of the apartment, to turn deadly pale, as the door again opened at his summons, when he called aloud for Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, to appear before him. The moment's pause was truly awful. By degrees, amidst the shadows of the room, could be seen gliding through the door-way a figure, wrapped, like the one which had preceded it, in a kind of winding-sheet clinging to its limbs, and held around the waist by the grasp of the hands. The face, however, was undeniably that of the great hero, and the head surmounted by the little traditional cocked hat which makes every Prussian heart beat with gratitude and loyalty even to this day. The figure advanced, as that of Socrates had done before, close up to the magician, and there stood still and motionless, within a few paces of the chimney. Presently the excitement of the magician became intense, the perspiration rolled in huge drops from his forehead, and his teeth chattered. "Enough, enough! begone, depart!" said he, in a hoarse whisper, as the eyes of the figure glared upon him with a fierce and menacing expression. "Begone, I say!" repeated he, in a hollow tone, as the figure still stood motionless, in spite of the command.

THE SPELL BROKEN.

In another moment, however, the spell was broken. Rousing himself by an effort which, considering the circumstances in which he was placed, may be regarded as sublime, he suddenly exclaimed, "I have been made the dupe of some mystification," and stepped close to the figure, which had still retained its menacing expression until that moment, when a loud and uncontrollable laugh burst from its lips, and it exclaimed, "What! don't you know me? I am Nadaud, and here is my friend Socrates, otherwise Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, ready to appear again whenever you choose; and close at hand is my comrade, Eugène Guinot in life, and Alcibiades in death, waiting to be summoned after me, as he would most assuredly have been, had I been able to follow up the joke." Imagine the effect produced by the discovery of the mystification. Mr. Hume was struck powerless and dumb.

EXECUTION AT MARSEILLES.

Matraccia, the Italian, who was some short time back condemned to death by the Court of Assizes of Aix, for a series of extraordinary murders at Marseilles, has been executed in the latter city. He begged, as a special favor, that he might be accompanied by one of his friends, a countryman, who had been with him all the morning, and that his parrot, which was in a cage in his cell, might be taken with him to the scaffold. Both these requests were granted, and he was placed in a van, the chaplain being in attendance on him. Arrived at the scaffold, which was erected in the Place St. Michel, and which was surrounded by an immense crowd, consisting of at least 30,000 persons, the vehicle stopped, and the cage containing the parrot was, to the surprise of the spectators, first placed on the scaffold; the criminal, his friend, and the chaplain then alighted from the van, Matraccia cast a glance at the guillotine, and embraced several persons who were present. Then, supported by his friend and the chaplain, he ascended the steps of the scaffold, and in doing so it was observed, that he slightly trembled. When he reached the platform he kissed with great fervor the crucifix which the chaplain presented; then he embraced the chaplain and his friend, and then, turning to the parrot, he said in Italian, "Your master is about to die, and he embraces you for the last time." Afterward he advanced toward the front of the scaffold, and cried to the people, "I demand pardon of the inhabitants of Marseilles for the scandal I have occasioned. Pray for me, for in a few minutes I shall pray for you." He was then seized by the executioner, and in a few seconds all was over.

BELGIUM.

A BELGIAN JOKE.

The commercial Protectionists of Belgium have adopted a comical way of expressing their detestation of England and free trade in a procession which passed through the streets of Tournay at the Mid Lent festival last week. The English nation was personified by a huge big-bellied figure, a sort of Gargantua the Great, with vast open jaws, devouring all sorts of food in most unconscionable quantities, while a number of other figures, representing the other nations of the world, stood by, starving. The car of *Perfide Albion* was drawn through the town with much vulgar and vociferous derision, conveying Lord Mangefort, as the representative of England was nicknamed, who was made, every quarter of an hour, to stop and swallow a heap of victuals, bread, meat, poultry, and rabbits, butter, and cheese, and other commodities, of which an Englishman, like the native of any other country, desires to consume as much as he wants. After exhibiting this spectacle in front of the houses of several leading advocates of free trade, the mob proceeded to the river Escaut, and, with cries of "*A l'eau les Anglais!*" they precipitated their awkward plaything into the water. The eatables, however, which Lord Mangefort had left, were put by till next day, when they were distributed among the workpeople of a flax mill, the owners of which establishment are said to have paid the expenses of the exhibition. The *Indépendance Belge* adds that they sang a song commencing "*Guerre aux Anglais!*" and, together with the workmen of three other factories, paraded the street at eight o'clock in the evening, to the music of the marrow-bones and cleaver, with loud threats against the English. Gin and beer were freely dispensed among them.

PRUSSIA.

A BEAUTIFUL ACT.

Herr von Rochow, by whose hand the late President of Police, Herr von Hinckeldey, was shot in a duel at Berlin in March of last year, has just received from the King a remission of the remainder of his sentence, which condemned him to five years' imprisonment in the fortress of Magdeburg. This act of mercy has been extended to him at the intercession, strange to say, of the widow of the man he shot. On the anniversary of his death, about five weeks back, she addressed a letter to the King, in which she stated that her feelings of bereavement, which the recollections of that day tended only to enhance, led her irresistibly to sympathize with the compulsory privation of her husband's presence and society the Frau von Rochow was still undergoing, and she begged that His Majesty would, in kindness to the memory of the deceased, grant her the favor of enabling her to restore to the Frau von Rochow her imprisoned husband by granting him a full pardon. The King acceded to this generous petition in a most feeling letter addressed to her, extending to the length of three pages, written throughout and addressed by himself, in which he expressed the extreme gratification he felt in fulfilling this noble request—one bearing so markedly the impress of the noble character of the deceased, and so highly honorable to his widow, with many more most flattering and feeling expressions. The eldest daughter of the late President is about to be married to Herr von Münchhausen, who seconded her father in his fatal duel; and it would appear as if he, who exhausted every effort to reconcile the antagonists before the duel, has suggested this application to the King as the best means of bringing the survivors together with conciliatory feelings.

ITALY.

THE POPE AND QUEEN CHRISTINA SPECULATING IN STOCKS.

The Pope, seized with the mania of modern progress, is determined on establishing a National Bank—a National Bank in Rome! Queen Christina and the Cardinal Antonelli appear as principal operators. It is even hinted that they, and they alone, are the veritable authors of the scheme, with what object, their preponderating subscriptions to the bank plainly indicate. It is true the name of the Pope stands at the head of the list of subscribers to the capital stock, but it is so quickly followed by those of Christina and Antonelli, that it is not difficult to imagine where their real places are. But it looks oddly to see the name of the successor of Peter and Paul, the guardian of the keys of the Church on earth, head the list of subscribers to a doubtful bank speculation in such company as that of Queen Christina of Spain! Adversity, and that other destroyer of human calculations, progress, make sad work with superstition and the faith of our forefathers.

MRS. STOWE CONSULTS THE POPE.

Mrs. Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is said to have had a long interview with the Pope, and to have been treated with marked distinction by his Holiness. She has just returned to Paris, where she is living in a very quiet manner, engaged in literary labor, chiefly translations from the French. She sees but little society; though the ladies of Lord Elgin's family are frequent visitors at her house.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

A curious incident occurred at Turin on the 26th ult. A party of rope-dancers were performing in one of the public squares of that city, when one of the spectators rushed forward with the exclamation of "My daughter! my daughter!" At the same moment one of the performers, a girl of about nine years of age, with beautiful, fair locks, broke away from the troop and rushed into his arms with a cry of recognition. The police immediately interfered, and the gentleman, an inhabitant of Bagnolo, informed them that the young girl was his daughter, who had been stolen from him in September last. The rope-dancers were immediately taken to the police-office, where the chief of the troop gave proof of his not being the kidnapper, and the daughter was restored to her father.

TURKEY.

WANTED—AN INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

A curious instance of how some things are managed in Turkey has just occurred. To relieve the sufferings of the inhabitants of the island of Rhodes, victims of an earthquake and of the terrible explosion of a large quantity of gunpowder, the Sultan sent them a present of 400,000 piastres. In passing from hand to hand this sum was so reduced that only 18,000 piastres reached the island, and this sum was handed over to the primates to buy their silence, so that the sufferers for whom the money was intended got nothing at all. The story seems incredible, but is nevertheless quite true.

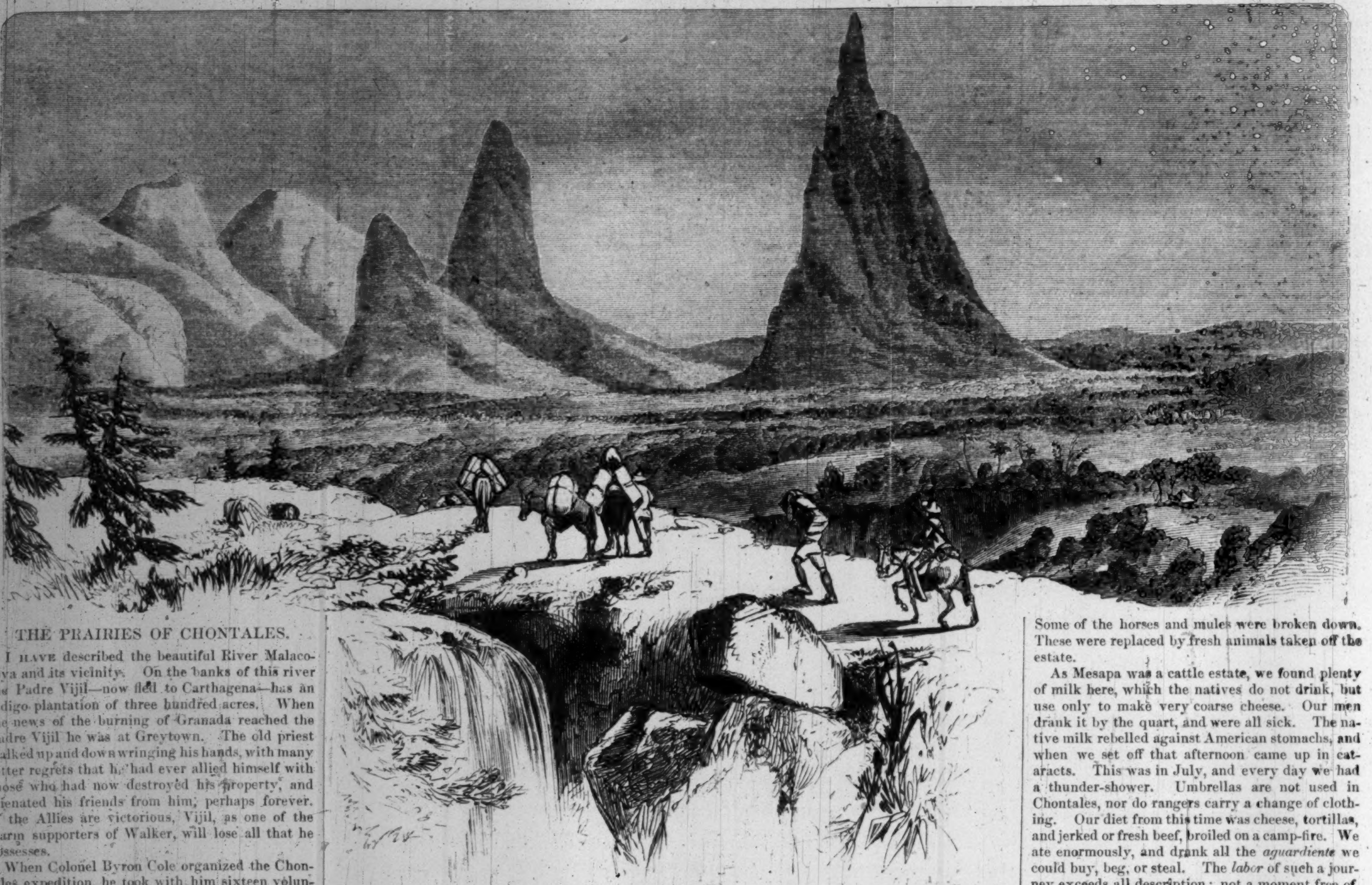
NICARAGUA.

LOCKRIDGE EVACUATES THE SAN JUAN RIVER.

Colonel Lockridge advanced to Castillo on the 28th of March with 300 men, on board the steamers *Scott* and *Rescue*. He found the enemy had fortified Nelson's Hill, 250 yards in the rear of the castle, with strong breastworks, ditches, several large guns, and 500 men. He retreated without making an attack, and destroyed all the fortifications below Castillo, abandoning all hope of opening the river. He disbanded the two battalions of recruits, and formed another from those who were willing to go to Walker via Panama.

On the 2d of April the boiler of the *Scott* exploded near Sarapiqui, killing and wounding about fifty of the officers and men. The sick and wounded were immediately sent to Punta Arenas upon the *Rescue*. The *Tennessee* brought away all who were able to be removed. Colonel Lockridge was up the river with a portion of his force and a large supply of provisions. The *Tennessee* left in the harbor of San Juan, April 6, H. B. M. war steamers ***Orion***, ***Cossack***, ***Archer***, ***Tartar***, ***Pioneer***, and ***Intrepid***.

A RANGER'S LIFE IN NICARAGUA.



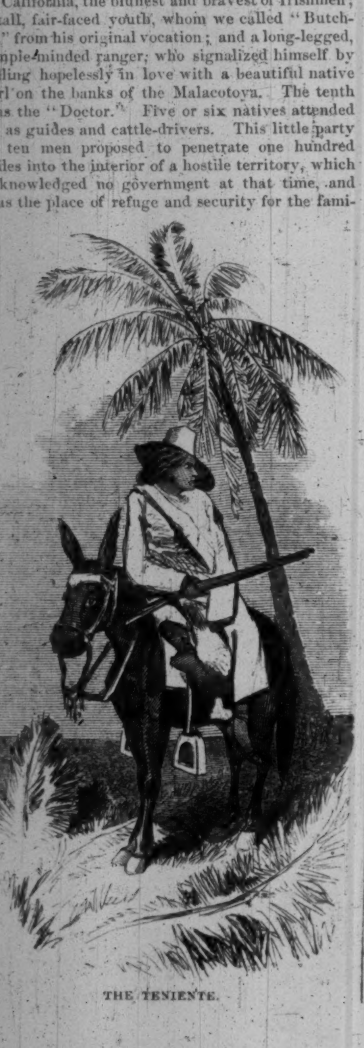
MOUNTAINS IN CHONTALES.

THE PRAIRIES OF CHONTALES.

I HAVE described the beautiful River Malacotoya and its vicinity. On the banks of this river the Padre Vijil—now fled to Carthagena—has an indigo plantation of three hundred acres. When the news of the burning of Granada reached the Padre Vijil he was at Greytown. The old priest walked up and down wringing his hands, with many bitter regrets that he had ever allied himself with those who had now destroyed his property, and alienated his friends from him, perhaps forever. If the Allies are victorious, Vijil, as one of the warm supporters of Walker, will lose all that he possesses.

When Colonel Byron Cole organized the Chontales expedition, he took with him sixteen volunteers, all good marksmen except the writer of this article, who hopes that he may be thought more skillful with the pen than he was with the rifle. With six of these men the Colonel became somewhat dissatisfied at Malacotoya, and they had leave to return. They were good soldiers and brave men, but weary of toil and suffering, and glad to get back to better quarters in Granada.

Our party now consisted of Colonel Byron Cole of California, the original organizer of the Walker movement; Captain Hoof, an intimate friend of Cole; Charles Leroy, William West, of California, Charles Docherty (afterward conspicuous among the hospital aids at Ometepé), a man who bore a striking resemblance to General Göicouria and was continually mistaken for him by the people of Chontales; the famous Captain "Curly," now in California, the bluffest and bravest of Irishmen; a tall, fair-faced youth, whom we called "Butcher," from his original vocation; and a long-legged, simple-minded ranger, who signalized himself by falling hopelessly in love with a beautiful native girl on the banks of the Malacotoya. The tenth was the "Doctor." Five or six natives attended us as guides and cattle-drivers. This little party of ten men proposed to penetrate one hundred miles into the interior of a hostile territory, which acknowledged no government at that time, and was the place of refuge and security for the families and leaders of the old Chomorristo party, the original enemies of Walker and his faction.



THE TENIENTE.

The region of Chontales extends along the entire northern and eastern shore of Lake Nicaragua, and thence northward to the head waters of the Bluefields and Mico rivers. It is composed of prairies along the lake shore, and, beyond these, of high table-lands, drained by the channels of the Bluefields.

The prairies of Chontales are extended alluvions, which appear to have been covered in early ages by the waters of the lake. They vary in width from one to ten miles, and are a united system of levels, broken in upon and divided by spurs of the interior table-land. Their numerous small rivers fall into Lake Nicaragua. They are separated by a narrow chain of rugged mountains from the valley of Malacotoya, this chain being the natural northwestern limit of the department of Granada. We left the river on a brilliant morning after a night of heavy rain. Charles Leroy and William West had brought in horses and mules enough for all of us, and to spare. These were distributed with impartiality, and with such rude riding-gear as could be obtained in the vicinity. With halters instead of bridles for some, and only three spurs in the party, worn in Hudibrastic fashion, one spur to the man, we commenced our journey. Not being satisfied in regard to the private intentions of my horse, I allowed all the party to cross the ford, which was very deep, before urging him into the river. Consequently I had nine enthusiastic friends, with a taste for humor, looking at me as I floundered across. The saddle-bags of medicines, clothing, etc., were submerged; and my boots, on arriving at the opposite bank, were remarkably heavy, and being water-proof, made me fancy I was shod with a couple of fire-buckets full of water. Docherty remarked that it was unnecessary for me to bring water, as there was enough for the party between Malacotoya and Chontales. The others had crossed without wetting their feet. They went over kneeling or sitting cross-legged on the saddle. Raw travelers must accustom themselves to be laughed at by the more experienced.

We arrived that evening at the hacienda of Catarina, a cattle estate buried in immense forests. The road was the worst I had ever seen. The animals sometimes floundered and fell over in the mud pits and sloughs; the branches of trees knocked us off the saddle; the entire party would sometimes dismount and lend a hand to pull one mule out of a slough. Two miles an hour was our average rate of travel, and at one point we were an hour in passing a quicksand, the horses sinking up to their bellies.

The women at Catarina seemed to be immensely amused and gratified by our arrival. They spread a supper of cheese, tomalas, tortillas, boiled plantains (the country cousins of cold potatoes); sold us a bottle of *aguardiente* (very good!) for four dimes, and sang revolutionary duets, very pretty and effective. We gave them the dreadful but inevitable "Katy Darling" in return, and they thought it charming, the cannibals!

The next morning I went down to the brook, took off my woolen pants, boots, socks, and knit undershirt (the whole of my Chontales costume), solid with mud, washed every thing in the running water, and put them on wet. This was the order of the day thenceforth. Dry clothes became a luxury in general unattainable. This day we rode over the mountains by a steep, rocky road. On the sides descending toward Chontales, the mule paths were dangerously steep, and we were obliged to dismount and let the mules slide and scramble down. The superiority of the mule on a mountain road has been frequently noticed by travelers, but in marshy ground, and over ground alternately hard and quaggy, the horse is immeasurably his superior. Horses are slower and less confident on the short turns of a winding mountain path, but in the wet prairies and deep sloughs of this country I found the horse, though not more hardy, was a more rapid traveler, and imposed less trouble and labor on his rider than the mule.

From this range we moved eastward along a table-land, perfectly level, covered, for eight or ten miles, with deep, strong grass, in hummocks, with groves of thorny trees, and orchards of the ever-recurring calabash or "hickory" of this country, a fruit like a gourd, but much harder, growing close upon the thorny limbs, which gives an open grove of these trees the appearance of a moss-grown apple orchard. Here I saw the fruit of the great climbing cactus, which is like a pear, but inwardly blood-colored, and of an excellent flavor.

Half way across the wet prairies, Charles Leroy, who went forward to scout, reported a large drove of mules and horses. Colonel Cole immediately resolved to drive them all into Mesapa, the hacienda toward which we were traveling, distant five miles. It was now about ten o'clock A.M.

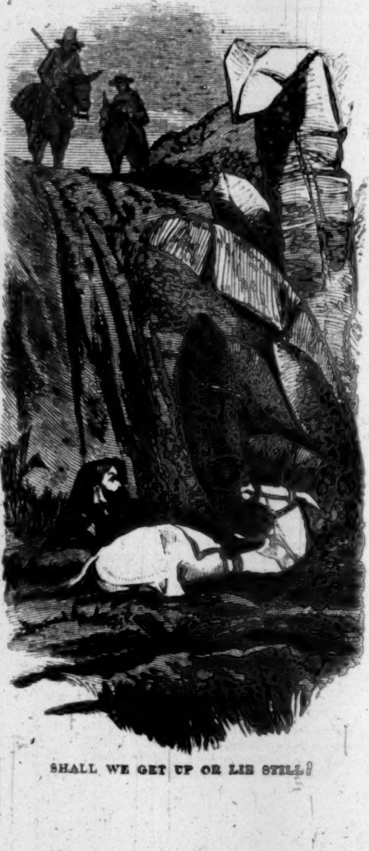
Driving in a herd of prairie horses and mules is a feat easy to imagine and difficult to perform. The natives divide themselves into four parties, one riding in advance, calling "*Corral*," "*Corral*," the others bringing up flanks and rear. The animals follow the call, but frequently start away, or stampede. We were unsuccessful, probably from want of concert, and a great deal of very hard swearing was the consequence. Captain Hoof and myself, separated from the others, came near being lost—an almost fatal event in that country. I recollected that the Mesapa trail lay north of us, and fortunately struck it after half an hour's riding due north. Two miles in advance we found the party exhausted, and disgusted with their ill-success. Leroy and West, used of old to this work, did nothing but laugh.

Then followed a ride through a quagmire, five miles long, adorned with vines, prickly stumps, and thorn bushes at every step. We were torn, wounded, knocked off our horses, lost and found, and as sore and weary as if beaten with clubs for an hour, when we emerged from this horrible swamp on the beautiful hill of Mesapa, on the flank of which stood a princely mansion of vast size, in the style of that country, and, as usual, the property of a celibate or priest, with a large family. They were not at home, however; and the house had been recently sacked and eaten out by a party of twenty-five American deserters under Captain Turly, all of whom were murdered by the natives subsequently at Libertad, near the gold mines. They had exhausted their ammunition, surrendered, and were set upon and slaughtered like sheep. We passed the first half of the succeeding day in putting our arms in order and making various arrangements for the journey. Some of the horses and mules were broken down. These were replaced by fresh animals taken off the estate.

As Mesapa was a cattle estate, we found plenty of milk here, which the natives do not drink, but use only to make very coarse cheese. Our men drank it by the quart, and were all sick. The native milk rebelled against American stomachs, and when we set off that afternoon came up in cataracts. This was in July, and every day we had a thunder-shower. Umbrellas are not used in Chontales, nor do rangers carry a change of clothing. Our diet from this time was cheese, tortillas, and jerked or fresh beef, broiled on a camp-fire. We ate enormously, and drank all the *aguardiente* we could buy, beg, or steal. The *labor* of such a journey exceeds all description: not a moment free of occupation. The men were frequently attacked with fever, produced by wet clothes, swamp water, and excesses in diet. I found that a smart cathartic of calomel and colocynth, followed up by the juice of oranges or limes, was the only practice. The *ephemeræ* treated in this way disappeared at once. Quinine did no good.

From Mesapa, which overlooks the lake, we rode along the prairies within five or ten miles of Lake Nicaragua, fifty miles; a journey of three days, stopping at night at the haciendas, mostly the property of priests. The grass was every where fine and good for cattle, the hills inland upon the left of us covered with timber—cedar, mahogany, etc. All this land is private property, and supports great herds of cattle and horses. Here we saw the superb crested pheasants of Chontales, and killed them in the trees with our rifles; but they are indifferent eating. The men called them "turkeys."

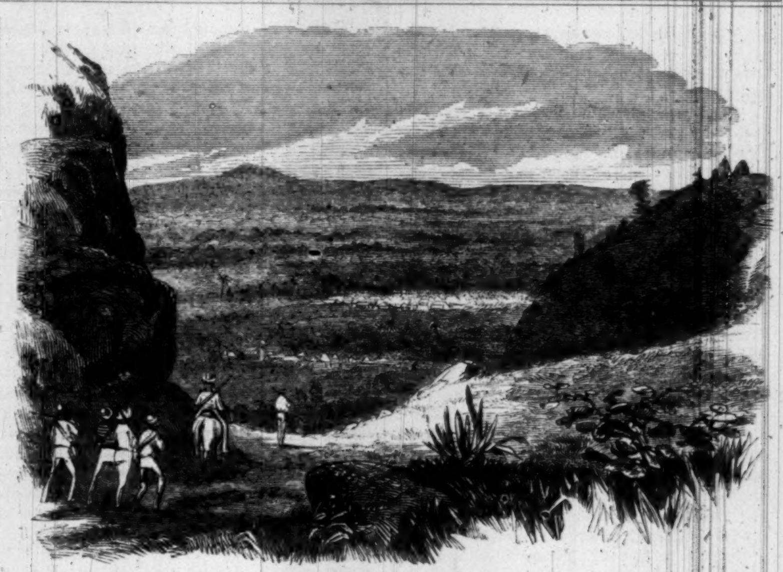
I saw three or four "inland shores," elevated fifty, one hundred, and two hundred feet above the lake. They were pebbly, and broken with projecting, water-worn ledges. The alluvion was sand, gravel, and clay of all colors—a still-water deposit. Small rivers, flowing through beautiful copses, and bowered with vines, gave extraordinary grace to the scenery. The waters were crystal-pure, flowing over pebbles.



SHALL WE GET UP OR LIE STILL?

During this journey I made a dozen prescriptions for fever in native houses. The entire population appeared to be sick of the fever. There were cases, also, of other maladies, which in Central America are not opprobrious. I think the whole population here is "scrofulous" in the tertiary manner. This people have no idea of modesty, but, strange to say, are not impure in their habits. It is the constitutional taint of the entire Indian and mixed races that renders cholera and other epidemics so destructive. Life is short and feeble.

At the hacienda of San Lorenzo a beautiful young woman was brought in by her father with a pitiful face, to be cured of fissures in the soles of the feet. It was a three-hours' operation to remove the inch-thick callosities and the false membranes from the fissures. The girl called for a cigar, and sat looking steadily at me the whole time without shrinking or groaning, but very pale. The father suffered more than the patient. I should not have ventured upon so serious an operation under such circumstances had it not been for the earnest solicitation of Colonel Cole, whose compassionate heart continually led him into acts of spontaneous kindness and liberality toward the natives. Mistaking the cause of my hesitation, he offered me his horse, the best in the country, and worth at least two hundred and fifty dollars, if I would perform the operation. I hope the reader will not suspect me of having accepted the offer.



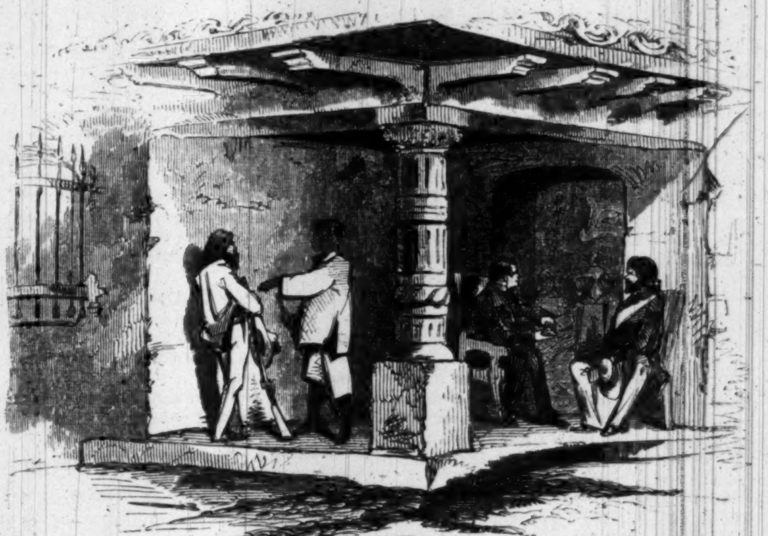
THE PASS OF LABAGISCA.

The day after leaving San Lorenzo we turned northward, and passed the first range of mountains. Scenery magnificent. Southward the Lake, the Lagoon Mountain, volcano of Massaya, and the Island of Ometepé: before us a sea of hills. On the summit we passed a long low wall, like a New England "stone-fence," the only one of that kind in this region, where the estates are sometimes ten miles in extent, and have no fixed boundaries. In the deep valley on the other side lay Comalapa, a "county town." Looking down from the hills upon Comalapa, one thousand feet below us, we saw the women and children running in all directions. At San Lorenzo we had been told that a force of one hundred natives, well armed, under the lead of a Chomorro, were awaiting us. Expecting an ambuscade, we capped our rifles, and charging along the winding road at full trot, galloped into the Plaza, and rode up to the house of the Padre. All was still. The inhabitants had left almost to a man. The two alcaldes were off in the woods. The priest, protected by his sanctity, remained, and was too polite by half. After resting an hour to dine we rode on, and crossing two ranges of mountains reached the high table-land of Comapa. On the summit of the first range, five miles from Comalapa, while traveling along the edge of an immense ravine, we saw a company of armed horsemen observing us from the bold summit of the mountains on the left side of the ravine. Our men were violently excited by the view, supposing this to be a portion of a larger force who were riding forward to cut us off in the valley beyond. They closed their ranks and rode forward eagerly for two miles, hoping to see a party in advance, and straining their eyes for the first trace of them. But they did not choose to appear. We had heard the alarm-horns in all directions, raising the country, since we came in sight of Comalapa.

Ascending from one of the most beautiful grassed valleys in the world, we scaled the steep edge of the great table-land which feeds the waters of the Rios Mico and Bluefields; and here, resting our wearied animals, we remained for half an hour, in a silence broken only by exclamations of wonder and delight, gazing upon a prospect that, for extent and magnificence, has not its parallel on the continent. At a distance of twenty-five leagues west and north, rose up against the sunset the wonderful Matagalpa chain, its immensely high, isolated, and bare peaks, like shark's teeth, apparently without foot-hills, rising from a bed of unbroken forests, undulating and misty. Beyond there was no horizon, or only land and sky blended, seen through the deep jags of these rocky teeth, whose flat tables set up edgewise resembled in shape icebergs, or, rather, flat and broken fields of ice turned upon their edges. The first peak terminating the range was separated from the rest by a low interval. The chain made off to the northeast, blending with the hills of eastern Segovia on the Wanks River Valley.

Before us the grass land stretched fair and level from our feet, sinking gradually on the left, and on the right rising at a distance of four miles, into hills covered with foliage. I do not think we saw less than ten thousand head of cattle from this point, and countless herds of horses. The plain was alive with them, moving in all directions. In the centre of this grassy level we could just discern the Indian village of Comapa buried in orange and mango trees. The alarm-horns sounded as we rode into the village, but the people were not armed. The two alcaldes, dressed in white, and bearing gold-headed canes, the staff of magistracy, came out to meet us at the head of a procession of the citizens, all dressed in loose white jackets and trowsers, with feet bare and a straw hat. The alcalde made a ceremonious speech of welcome; informed us that we were the second party of white men who had ever penetrated so far into the interior. He led us to the "stranger's house," and brought us food with his own hands, attended by a procession of Indian boys, each with a dish. These people were innocent and harmless, strangely ignorant of the outer world, and acknowledging any government that might choose to regard them as its subjects. The village was large enough for eight hundred persons. Two-thirds of the houses had been emptied by the cholera, which desolated the interior of Central America in 1855. There were only about three hundred left in Comapa. The wealth of these broad-featured, flat-nosed Indian tribes is in corn and cattle. They are all rich in the fruits of the earth. The climate is cool at Comapa. It must be at least 2000 feet above the ocean.

That night I had a violent chill. Colonel Cole got up from the ground where he was sleeping, and covered me with coats and blankets. I shook for two hours, and the subsequent fever was violent. It was an ephemera, and yielded to cathartic and sour oranges. Riding the next day was like the discipline of a fuller's hammer; every bone ached. In thirty-six hours I was well.



A TALK WITH SEÑOR ZELAYA.

The ride east by south from Comapa to Juigalpa, thirty miles, over two ranges of mountains, separated by green cattle-valleys, offered nothing worthy of remembrance. We followed an obscure trail. The Indians at Comapa knew nothing of Juigalpa; they did not know into which ocean their rivers flowed. Juigalpa, town and district, is the Switzerland of Chontales; but the scenery, though grand, is monotonous. The people, as usual, fled at our approach; but the priests seemed to think that we should find an army at Acoyapa—the military and civil capital of Chontales, and the home of political refugees.

Remaining only an hour in Juigalpa, we rode on to a hacienda ten miles further, and passed the night. We were now in the heart of the enemy's country, and the utmost vigilance and celerity of movement had become necessary. The party of deserters who had preceded us had excited the inhabitants against the Americans by seizing without ceremony whatever they could carry away. Saddles, bridles, spurs, blankets, clothing, tobacco, rice, ponchos, choice horses and mules, nothing portable had come amiss to these robbers, with whom the least violence or indiscretion on our part would have identified us.

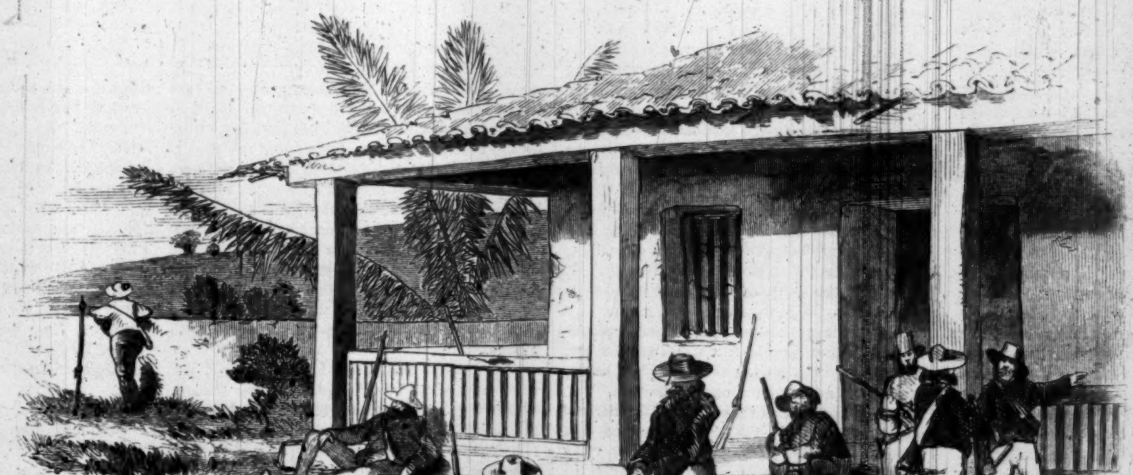
We rode in the low channels of the rivers and along cattle trails, stopping at all the haciendas and hattios belonging to large proprietors. The object of the expedition was accomplished when a written order had been left with the mantador or steward of each estate, requiring a certain number of cattle to be sent to Granada as a contribution for the war against the Leonese.

The gate which leads out from the Alpine valleys of the Juigalpa chain is a narrow pass in the mountains, called the "Portal de Labagisca." It looks eastward over the prairie of Acoyapa, which is a continuation of that line of prairie which borders Lake Nicaragua on the north, commencing at Mesapa. The view from the pass of Labagisca is wide and pleasing. About two hundred feet below us, on a small piece of table-land, jutting out from the side of the mountain like a platform, stood the town of Labagisca, with its ancient church of hewn stone—the only one of that material in Eastern Nicaragua. The churches, like the houses, are built of adobé—the Egyptian sun-dried brick, of mud and straw.*

On a still lower level—perhaps three hundred feet down—lay the general surface of the grand prairie, enlivened by groves and herds. Three miles east from the foot of the platform of rock which supports Labagisca was the town of Acoyapa, the bell-towers of its great church and the red tiles of the houses rising above the groves of orange and mango. The town stands upon a bed of diluvium, with a rocky nucleus, a little raised above the general surface of the plain. The rocky strata of Chontales, leaning or dipping downward toward the southwest at various angles, did not seem to me different in age or character from those rocks which compose the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, in California. They have a large proportion of argil and iron ore, and disintegrate readily. Their inclinations are in general very slight, the escarpments facing the north and northeast being steep, and tabled like a stairway—sometimes in a remarkable manner—producing natural walls and defenses, over which our men disputed long whether they were natural or artificial; so regularly were the weathered blocks laid along on the edge of the natural esplanade above the valleys.

The bells of Labagisca and Acoyapa began to ring the alarm the instant the first horseman of our party made his appearance in the pass. Horsemen were seen galloping over the plain toward Acoyapa. We rode through the silent and deserted streets of Labagisca, and descending the steep mule-path to the prairie, rode at our utmost speed toward Acoyapa, made a detour to the left, and galloped into the Plaza. The inhabitants, a well-dressed and prosperous-looking people, were gathered in knots at the doors, and under the porticos of their houses. It was about noon, and the sun came fiercely down. The Colonel having been informed of the unfriendly disposition of the people, gave orders for every man to be in readiness to mount at a moment's warning, and for no one to leave the portico of the Cabildo, or guard-house, where we had fastened the animals. Opposite the Cabildo, across the clean and lively-looking Plaza, stood the respectable mansion of Señor Zelaya, the chief dignitary of the place, who, with the Alcalde, a fair, smooth-spoken, and very inquisitive gentleman, came over to greet and converse with us. An invitation was immediately extended to Colonel Cole and "the Doctor" to dine with the affable Señor Zelaya. The Colonel, for a reason which I afterward discovered was a very good one, declined the courtesy, and deputed Captian Hoof in his place. The Alcalde ordered a dinner of beef and plantains to be sent to the party, the horses were supplied with *sacate* (coarse grass), and every body—natives, Señor Zelaya, the padre, Alcalde, and all—appeared to be in the highest possible spirits. A few moments after our entrance, I saw the Alcalde talking apart with the *Teniente*, or captain of our natives, who regarded him in silence, and with a gloomy frown. This *Teniente* was a man far above the ordinary class of Indian rangers, or *vaqueros*, and felt a sincere regard for Colonel Cole and myself. Very soon I saw the Colonel seated at a table, with his note-book before him, in the inner room of the Cabildo, in earnest conversation with a native whom I knew at Granada, a captain, formerly, in the army of Castillon. Captain Hoof and I went over to Zelaya's house. As we passed before the church, I went in, and listened awhile to the glorious music of the mass, supported by violins, violincellos, and hautboys. Soon after I joined the party at Señor Zelaya's, who, having once been in New York, spoke some English, and I a little Spanish. I was introduced to a very handsome woman as his wife. She was surrounded with a family of children, by far the most beautiful I had seen in this country. The dinner was good, the cigars on the portico excellent, the conversation very polite. Señor Zelaya, a tall, handsome man, appeared to be in all respects a gentleman, well educated, and a man of the world. We talked freely of politics. He intimated that Walker could not maintain his ground. Señor Zelaya appeared very anxious to have Colonel Cole join us at his table. He sent three pressing messages to him, was troubled and evidently disturbed in mind because he did not come. We had been there about half an hour, when a message came from the Colonel to us, ordering us instantly to horse. We went rather leisurely, however, and found him stamping with impatience at our slowness. In a moment we were in the saddle, and galloped off in an easterly direction for about a mile; then making a sudden turn to the right, moved as fast as our animals would carry us toward the shore of the lake, and out upon the wide prairie toward Mesapa and San Lorenzo.

At night it rained heavily. About dusk, Colonel Cole informed me privately that "two hundred armed natives and the twenty-five deserters under Turley had been waiting for us at a Chomorro hacienda, two miles from Acoyapa; that Señor



WAITING FOR THE ENEMY AT SAN JOSÉ.

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* Adobes cost about $5 a thousand. They are about 20 × 10 × 8 inches—the best material for the climate.

Zelaya and his friends wished to have destroyed us all; that we were now on our way back to Granada by the coast road, to avoid the ambuscades in the mountains, placed there to intercept our return." We rode all that night and the succeeding day in a heavy rain. The two succeeding nights our guide misled us, and we wandered in swamps and thickets in a darkness so profound I could not see the white mule of Captain Hoof, who rode before me. The men frequently fell, or were dragged off their horses by the trees; and at one point we passed a considerable part of a night in extricating ourselves from an extensive quagmire. The last day and night before reaching San Lorenzo, our party were twenty-five hours in the saddle. It was the accident of losing our way that threw our pursuers off the track. They posted themselves in force to cut us off at the Chomorro hacienda, and would have swept off our little party of ten at the first fire, had not Colonel Cole been aware of their plans, and led us away by the lake road. They pursued us across the prairies; but supposing that we had gone into the mountains, were misled, losing the night trail. While crossing the grand prairie beyond the hacienda Candelaria the day after leaving Acoyapa, we saw two horsemen galloping after us at full speed. Colonel Cole rode back to meet them. They informed us that they were on their way to the hills for concealment, and that the Chomorristos were in full force within two hours' ride in hot pursuit. Colonel Cole immediately took possession of the hacienda of San José, which stands on a hill overlooking the prairie in the direction of the advancing party. We waited for them two hours, expecting a fight, then mounted and rode on. It was a bad movement to remain there, as the place was not tenable; but the men could not bear the idea of a retreat, and simply calculated how many of the natives they could kill before being shot themselves. At San Lorenzo and Mesapa, on the return, we heard that the pursuing party went up to Juigalpa and Comalapa, thinking we would have taken the mountain road. I think they were willing to avoid us, as we were nine good riflemen, and in a good position would have killed fifty of them, while they could have dispatched only ten of us, including "the Doctor." The return from Mesapa was simply a journey without incident.

One of the illustrations of this article represents the fall of myself and mule down a steep place into the mire. The mule and I put up our heads and looked at each other to see which was the greatest sufferer, I suppose, and then, after a few struggles, we succeeded in getting out. The artist has made the precipice appear somewhat higher than natural —it was not more than fifteen feet—but the fall was tremendous. We "killed" a great number of mules and horses, but no men, in this expedition.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH. MOZART PLAYS FAREWELL.

Excepting that he took leave of Betsey, the servant-maid, with great cordiality, Uncle Joseph spoke not another word, after his parting reply to Mr. Munder, until he and his niece were alone again under the east wall of Porthgenna Tower. There he paused, looked up at the house, then at his companion, then back at the house once more, and at last opened his lips to speak.

"I am sorry, my child," he said. "I am sorry from my heart. This has been, what you call in England, a very bad job."

Thinking that he referred to the scene which had just passed in the housekeeper's room, Sarah asked his pardon for having been the innocent means of bringing him into angry collision with such a person as Mr. Munder.

"No! no! no!" he cried. "I was not thinking of the man of the big body and the big words. He made me angry, it is not to be denied; but that is all over and gone now. I put him and his big words away from me, as I kick this stone, here, from the pathway into the road. It is not of your Munders, or your housekeepers, or your Betzies, that I now speak—it is of something that is nearer to you, and nearer to me also, because I make of your interest my own interest too. I shall tell you what it is, while we walk on—for I see in your face, Sarah, that you are restless and in fear so long as we stop in the neighborhood of this dungeon-house. Come! I am ready for the march. There is the path. Let us go back by it, and pick up our little baggages at the inn where we left them, on the other side of this windy wilderness of a place."

"Yes, yes, uncle! Let us lose no time; let us walk fast. Don't be afraid of tiring me; I am much stronger now."

They turned into the same path by which they had approached Porthgenna Tower in the afternoon. By the time they had walked over a little more than the first hundred yards of their journey, Jacob, the gardener's boy, stole out from behind the ruinous inclosure at the north side of the house, with his hoe in his hand. The sun had just set, but there was a fine light still over the wide, open surface of the moor; and Jacob paused to let the old man and his niece get farther away from the building before he followed them. The housekeeper's instructions had directed him just to keep them in sight and no more; and, if he happened to observe that they stopped and turned round to look behind them, he was to stop, too, and pretend to be digging with his hoe, as if he was at work on the moorland. Stimulated by the promise of a sixpence, if he was careful to do exactly as he had been told, Jacob kept his instructions in his memory, and kept his eye on the two strangers, and promised as fairly to earn the reward in prospect for him as a boy could.

"And now, my child, I shall tell you what it is I am sorry for," resumed Uncle Joseph, as they proceeded along the path. "I am sorry that we have come out upon this journey, and run our little risk, and had our little scolding, and gained nothing. The word you said in my ear, Sarah, when I was getting you out of the faint (and you should have come out of it sooner, if the muddle-headed people of the dungeon-house had been quicker with the water)—the word you said in my ear was not much, but it was enough to tell me that we have taken this journey in vain. I may hold my tongue, I may make my best face at it, I may be content to walk blindfolded with a mystery that lets no peep of daylight into my eyes; but it is not the less true, that the one thing your heart was most set on doing, when we started on this journey, is the one thing also that you have not done. I know that, if I know nothing else; and I say again, it is a bad job—yes, yes, upon my life and faith, there is no disguise to put upon it; it is, in your plainest English, a very bad job."

As he concluded the expression of his sympathy in these quaint terms, the dread and distrust, the watchful terror, that marred the natural softness of Sarah's eyes disappeared in an expression of sorrowful tenderness, which seemed to give back to them all their beauty.

"Don't be sorry for me uncle," she said, stopping, and gently brushing away with her hand some specks of dust that lay on the collar of his coat. "I have suffered so much and suffered so long, that the heaviest disappointments pass lightly over me now."

"I won't hear you say it!" cried Uncle Joseph. "You give me shocks I can't bear when you talk to me in this way. You shall have no more disappointments—no, you shall not! I, Joseph Buschmann, the Obstinate, the Pig-Headed, I say it!—"

"The day when I shall have no more disappointments, uncle, is not far off now. Let me wait a little longer, and endure a little longer: I have learned to be patient, and to hope for nothing. Fearing and failing, fearing and failing—that has been my life ever since I was a young woman, the life I have become inured to by this time. If you are surprised, as I know you must be, at my not possessing myself of the letter, when I had the keys of the Myrtle Room in my hand, and when no one was near to stop me, remember the history of my life, and take that as an explanation. Fearing and failing, fearing and failing—if I told you all the truth, I could tell no more than that. Let us walk on, uncle."

The resignation in her voice and manner while she spoke was the resignation of despair. It gave her an unnatural self-possession, which altered her, in the eyes of Uncle Joseph, almost past recognition. He looked at her in undisguised alarm.

"No!" he said, "we will not walk on; we will walk back to the dungeon-house; we will make another plan; we will try to get at this devil's imp of a letter in some other way. I care for no Munders, no housekeepers, no Betzies—I! I care for nothing, but the getting you the one thing you want, and the taking you home again as easy in your mind as I am myself. Come! let us go back."

"It is too late to go back."

"How too late? Ah, dismal, dingy, dungeon-house of the devil, how I hate you!" cried Uncle Joseph, looking back over the prospect, and shaking both his fists at Porthgenna Tower.

"It is too late, uncle," she repeated. "Too late, because the opportunity is lost; too late, because, if I could bring it back, I dare not go near the Myrtle Room again. My last hope was to change the hiding-place of the letter, and that last hope I have given up. I have only one object in life left now; you may help me in it; but I can not tell you how, unless you come on with me at once—unless you will say nothing more about going back to Porthgenna Tower."

Uncle Joseph began to expostulate. His niece stopped him in the middle of a sentence, by touching him on the shoulder and pointing to a particular spot on the darkening slope of the moor before them.

"Look!" she said, "there is somebody on the path behind us. Is it a boy, or a man?"

Uncle Joseph looked through the fading light, and saw a figure at some little distance. It seemed like the figure of a boy, and he was apparently engaged in digging on the moor.

"Let us turn round and go at once," pleaded Sarah, before the old man could answer her. "I can't say what I want to say to you, uncle, until we are safe under shelter at the inn."

They went on, until they reached the highest ground on the moor. There they stopped, and looked back again. The rest of their way lay down-hill; and the spot on which they stood was the last point from which a view could be obtained of Porthgenna Tower.

"We have lost sight of the boy," said Uncle Joseph, looking over the ground below them.

Sarah's younger and sharper eyes bore witness to the truth of her uncle's words—the view over the moor was lonely now, in every direction, as far as she could see. Before going on again, she moved a little away from the old man, and looked at the tower of the ancient house, rising heavy and black in the dim light, with the dark sea background stretching behind it like a wall. "Never again!" she whispered to herself. "Never, never, never again!" Her eyes wandered away to the church, and to the cemetery-inclosure by its side, barely distinguishable now in the shadows of the coming night. "Wait for me a little longer," she said, looking toward the burial-ground with straining eyes, and pressing her hand on her bosom, over the place where the book of Hymns lay hid. "My wanderings are nearly at an end; the day for my coming home again is not far off!"

The tears filled her eyes, and shut out the view. She rejoined her uncle, and, taking his arm again, drew him rapidly a few steps along the downward path—then checked herself, as if struck by a sudden suspicion, and walked back a few paces to the highest ridge of the ground. "I am not sure," she said, replying to her companion's look of surprise, "I am not sure whether we have seen the last yet of that boy who was digging on the moor."

As the words passed her lips, a figure stole out from behind one of the large fragments of granite rock which were scattered over the waste on all sides of them. It was once more the figure of the boy; and again he began to dig, without the slightest apparent reason, on the barren ground at his feet.

"Yes, yes, I see," said Uncle Joseph, as his niece eagerly directed his attention to the suspicious figure. "It is the same boy, and he is digging still—and, if you please, what of that?"

Sarah did not attempt to answer. "Let us get on," she said, hurriedly. "Let us get on as fast as we can to the inn."

They turned again, and took the downward path before them. In less than a minute they had lost sight of Porthgenna Tower, of the old church, and of the whole of the western view. Still, though there was now nothing but the blank darkening moorland to look back at, Sarah persisted in stopping at frequent intervals, as long as there was any light left, to glance behind her. She made no remark; she offered no excuse for thus delaying the journey back to the inn. It was only when they arrived within sight of the lights of the post-town that she ceased looking back, and that she spoke to her companion. The few words she addressed to him amounted to nothing more than a request that he would ask for a private sitting-room, as soon as they reached their place of sojourn for the night.

They ordered beds at the inn, and were shown into the best parlor to wait for supper. The moment they were alone Sarah drew a chair close to the old man's side, and whispered these words in his ear:

"Uncle! we have been followed every step of the way from Porthgenna Tower to this place."

"So, so! And how do you know that?" inquired Uncle Joseph.

"Hush! Somebody may be listening at the door, somebody may be creeping under the window. You noticed that boy who was digging on the moor—?"

"Bah! Why, Sarah! do you frighten yourself, do you try to frighten me about a boy?"

"Oh, not so loud! not so loud! They have laid a trap for us. Uncle! I suspected it when we first entered the doors of Porthgenna Tower; I am sure of it now. What did all that whispering mean between the housekeeper and the steward when we first got into the hall? I watched their faces, and I know they were talking about us. They were not half surprised enough at seeing us, not half surprised enough at hearing what we wanted. Don't laugh at me, Uncle! There is real danger; it is no fancy of mine. The keys—come closer—the keys of the north rooms have got new labels on them; the doors have all been numbered. Think of that! Think of the whispering when we came in, and the whispering afterward, in the housekeeper's room, when you got up to go away. You noticed the sudden change in that man's behavior after the housekeeper spoke to him—you must have noticed it? They let us in too easily, and they let us out too easily. No, no! I am not deluding myself. There was some secret motive for letting us into the house, and some secret motive for letting us out again. That boy on the moor betrays it, if nothing else does. I saw him following us all the way here, as plainly as I see you. I am not frightened without reason this time. As surely as we two are together in this room, there is a trap laid for us by the people at Porthgenna Tower!"

"A trap! What trap? And how? and why? and wherefore?" inquired Uncle Joseph, expressing bewilderment by waving both his hands rapidly to and fro close before his eyes.

"They want to make me speak, they want to follow me, they want to find out where I go, they want to ask me questions," she answered, trembling violently. "Uncle! you remember what I told you of those crazed words I said to Mrs. Frankland—I ought to have cut my tongue out rather than have spoken them! They have done dreadful mischief—I am certain of it—dreadful mischief already. I have made myself suspected! I shall be questioned if Mrs. Frankland finds me out again. She will try to find me out; we shall be inquired after here; we must destroy all trace of where we go to next; we must make sure that the people at this inn can answer no question; Oh, Uncle Joseph! whatever we do, let us make sure of that!"

"Good," said the old man, nodding his head with a perfectly self-satisfied air. "Be quite easy, my child, and leave it to me to make sure. When you are gone to bed I shall send for the landlord; and I shall say, 'Get us a little carriage, if you please, Sir, to take us back again to-morrow to the coach for Truro.'"

"No, no, no! we must not hire a carriage here."

"And I say, yes, yes, yes! We will hire a carriage here, because I will, first of all, make sure with the landlord. Listen. I shall say to him, 'If there come after us, people, with inquisitive looks in their eyes and uncomfortable questions in their mouths—if you please, Sir, hold your tongue.' Then, I shall wink my eye, I shall lay my finger, so, to the side of my nose, I shall give one little laugh that means much—and, crick! crack! I have made sure of the landlord: and there is an end of it!"

"We must not trust the landlord, Uncle; we must not trust any body. When we leave this place to-morrow we must leave it on foot, and take care that no living soul follows us. Look! here is a map of West Cornwall hanging up on the wall, with roads and cross-roads all marked on it. We may find out, beforehand, what direction we ought to walk in. A night's rest will give me all the strength I want; and we have no luggage that we can not carry. You have nothing but your knapsack, and I have nothing but the little carpet-bag you lent me. We can walk six, seven, even ten miles, with resting by the way. Come here, and look at the map—pray, pray come and look at the map!"

Protesting against the abandonment of his own project, which he declared, and sincerely believed to be perfectly adapted to meet the emergency in which they were placed, Uncle Joseph joined his niece in examining the map. A little beyond the post-town a cross-road was marked, running northward at right angles with the highway that led to Truro, and conducting to another road, which looked large enough to be a coach road, and which led through a town of sufficient importance to have its name printed in capital letters. On discovering this, Sarah proposed that they should follow the cross-road (which did not appear on the map to be more than five or six miles long) on foot, abstaining from taking any conveyance until they had arrived at the town marked in capital letters. By pursuing this course they would destroy all trace of their progress after leaving the post-town, unless, indeed, they were followed on foot from this place, as they had been followed over the moor. In the event of any fresh difficulty of that sort occurring, Sarah had no better remedy to propose than lingering on the road till after nightfall, and leaving it to the darkness to baffle the vigilance of any person who might be watching in the distance to see where they went.

Uncle Joseph shrugged his shoulders resignedly when his niece gave her reasons for wishing to continue the journey on foot. "There is much tramping through dust, and much looking behind us, and much spying, and peeping, and suspecting, and roundabout walking in all this," he said. "It is by no means so easy, my child, as making sure of the landlord, and sitting at our ease on the cushions of the stage-coach. But if you will have it so, so shall it be. What you please, Sarah; what you please —that is all the opinion of my own that I allow myself to have till we are back again at Truro, and are resting for good and all at the end of our journey."

"At the end of *your* journey, uncle: I dare not say at the end of *mine*."

Those few words changed the old man's face in an instant. His eyes fixed reproachfully on his niece, his ruddy cheeks lost their color, his restless hands dropped suddenly to his sides. "Sarah!" he said, in a low, quiet tone, which seemed to have no relation to the voice in which he spoke on ordinary occasions—"Sarah! have you the heart to leave me again?"

"Have I the courage to stay in Cornwall? That is the question to ask me, uncle. If I had only my own heart to consult, oh, how gladly I should live under your roof—live under it, if you would let me, to my dying day! But my lot is not cast for such rest and such happiness as that. The fear that I have of being questioned by Mrs. Frankland drives me away from Porthgenna, away from Cornwall, away from you. Even my dread of the letter being found is hardly so great now as my dread of being traced and questioned. I have said what I ought not to have said already. If I find myself in Mrs. Frankland's presence again, there is nothing that she might not draw out of me. Oh, my God! to think of that kind-hearted lovely young woman, who brings happiness with her wherever she goes, bringing terror to me! Terror when her pitying eyes look at me; terror when her kind voice speaks to me; terror when her tender hand touches mine! Uncle! when

Mrs. Frankland comes to Porthgenna, the very children will crowd about her—every creature in that poor village will be drawn toward the light of her beauty and her goodness, as if it was the sunshine of Heaven itself; and I—I, of all living beings—must shun her as if she was a pestilence! The day when she comes into Cornwall is the day when I must go out of it—the day when we two must say farewell. Don't, don't add to the wretchedness of that, by asking me if I have the heart to leave you! For my dead mother's sake, Uncle Joseph, believe that I am grateful, believe that it is not my own will that takes me away when I leave you again." She sank down on a sofa near her, laid her head, with one long, deep sigh, wearily on the pillow, and spoke no more.

The tears gathered thick in Uncle Joseph's eyes as he sat down by her side. He took one of her hands, and patted and stroked it as though he were soothing a little child. "I will bear it as well as I can, Sarah," he whispered faintly, "and I will say no more. You will write to me sometimes, when I am left all alone? You will give a little time to Uncle Joseph, for the poor dead mother's sake?"

She turned toward him suddenly, and threw both her arms round his neck with a passionate energy that was strangely at variance with her naturally quiet, self-repressed character. "I will write often, dear; I will write always," she whispered, with her head on his bosom. "If I am ever in any trouble or danger you shall know it." She stopped confusedly, as if the freedom of her own words and actions terrified her, unclasped her arms, and, turning abruptly away from the old man, hid her face in her hands. The tyranny of the restraint that governed her whole life was all expressed—how sadly, how eloquently!—in that one little action.

Uncle Joseph rose from the sofa and walked gently backward and forward in the room, looking anxiously at his niece but not speaking to her. After a while the servant came in to prepare the table for supper. It was a welcome interruption, for it obliged Sarah to make an effort to recover her self-possession. After the meal was over the uncle and niece separated at once for the night, without venturing to exchange another word on the subject of their approaching separation.

When they met the next morning the old man had not recovered his spirits. Although he tried to speak as cheerfully as usual, there was something strangely subdued and quiet about him in voice, look, and manner. Sarah's heart smote her as she saw how sadly he was altered by the prospect of their parting. She said a few words of consolation and hope; but he only waved his hand negatively, in his quaint foreign manner, and hastened out of the room to find the landlord and ask for the bill.

Soon after breakfast, to the surprise of the people at the inn, they set forth to continue their journey on foot, Uncle Joseph carrying his knapsack on his back, and his niece's carpet-bag in his hand. When they arrived at the turning that led into the cross-road, they both stopped and looked back. This time they saw nothing to alarm them. There was no living creature visible on the broad highway over which they had been walking for the last quarter of an hour, after leaving the inn.

"The way is clear," said Uncle Joseph, as they turned into the cross-road. "Whatever might have happened yesterday, there is nobody following us now."

"Nobody that we can see," answered Sarah; "but I distrust the very stones by the roadside. Let us look back often, uncle, before we allow ourselves to feel secure. The more I think of it, the more I dread the snare that is laid for us by those people at Porthgenna Tower."

"You say *us*, Sarah. Why should they lay a snare for *me?*"

"Because they have seen you in my company. You will be safer from them when we are parted; and that is another reason, Uncle Joseph, why we should bear the misfortune of our separation as patiently as we can."

"Are you going far, very far away, Sarah, when you leave me?"

"I dare not stop on my journey till I can feel that I am lost in the great world of London. Don't look at me so sadly! I shall never forget my promise; I shall never forget to write. I have friends—not friends like you, but still friends—to whom I can go. I can feel safe from discovery nowhere but in London. My danger is great—it is, it is, indeed! I know, from what I have seen at Porthgenna, that Mrs. Frankland has an interest already in finding me out; and I am certain that this interest will be increased ten-fold when she hears (as she is sure to hear) of what happened yesterday in the house. If they *should* trace you to Truro, oh, be careful, uncle! be careful how you deal with them; be careful how you answer their questions!"

"I will answer nothing, my child. But tell me—for I want to know all the little chances that there are of your coming back—tell me, if Mrs. Frankland finds the letter, what shall you do then?"

At that question Sarah's hand, which had been resting languidly on her uncle's arm while they walked together, closed on it suddenly. "Even if Mrs. Frankland gets into the Myrtle Room," she said, stopping and looking affrightedly about her while she replied, "she may not find the letter. It is folded up so small; it is hidden in such an unlikely place."

"But if she does find it?"

"If she does, there will be more reason than ever for my being miles and miles away." As she gave that answer, she raised both her hands to her heart, and pressed them firmly over it. A slight distortion passed rapidly across her features; her eyes closed; her face flushed all over—then turned paler again than ever. She drew out her pocket handkerchief, and passed it several times over her face, on which the perspiration had gathered thickly. The old man, who had looked behind him when his niece stopped, under the impression that she had just seen somebody following them, observed this latter action, and asked if she felt too hot. She shook her head, and took his arm again to go on, breathing, as he fancied, with some little difficulty. He proposed that they should sit down by the roadside and rest a little; but she only answered, "Not yet." So they went on for another half hour; then turned to look behind them again, and, still seeing nobody, sat down for a little while to rest on a bank by the wayside.

After stopping twice more at convenient resting-places, they reached the end of the cross-road. On the highway to which it led them they were overtaken by a man driving an empty cart, who offered to give them a lift as far as the next town. They accepted the proposal gratefully; and arriving at the town, after a drive of half an hour, were set down at the door of the principal inn. Finding on inquiry at this place that they were too late for the coach they took a private conveyance, which brought them to Truro late in the afternoon. Throughout the whole of the journey, from the time when they left the post-town of Porthgenna to the time when they stopped, by Sarah's desire, at the coach-office in Truro, they had seen nothing to excite the smallest suspicion that their movements were being observed. None of the people whom they saw in the inhabited places or whom they passed on the road appeared to take more than the most casual notice of them.

It was five o'clock when they entered the office at Truro to ask about conveyances running in the direction of Exeter. They were informed that a coach would start in an hour's time, and that another coach would pass through Truro at eight o'clock the next morning.

"You will not go to-night?" pleaded Uncle Joseph. "You will wait, my child, and rest with me till to-morrow?"

"I had better go, uncle, while I have some little resolution left," was the sad answer.

"But you are so pale, so tired, so weak."

"I shall never be stronger than I am now. Don't set my own heart against me! It is hard enough to go without that."

Uncle Joseph sighed, and said no more. He led the way across the road and down the by-street to his house. The cheerful man in the shop was polishing a piece of wood behind the counter, sitting in the same position in which Sarah had seen him when she first looked through the window on her arrival at Truro. He had good news for his master of orders received, but Uncle Joseph listened absently to all that his shopman said, and hastened into the little back parlor without the faintest reflection of its customary smile on his face. "If I had no shop and no orders I might go away with you, Sarah," he said, when he and his niece were alone. "Aïe! Aïe! the setting out on this journey has been the only happy part of it. Sit down and rest, my child. I must put my best face upon it, and get you some tea."

When the tea-tray had been placed on the table, he left the room, and returned after an absence of some little time with a basket in his hand. When the porter came to carry the luggage to the coach office, he would not allow the basket to be taken away at the same time, but sat down and placed it between his feet while he occupied himself in pouring out a cup of tea for his niece.

The musical box still hung at his side in its traveling-case of leather. As soon as he had poured out the cup of tea, he unbuckled the strap, removed the covering from the box, and placed it on the table near him. His eyes wandered hesitatingly toward Sarah as he did this: he leaned forward, his lips trembling a little, his hand trifling uneasy with the empty leather case that now lay on his knees, and said to her in low, unsteady tones:

"You will hear a little farewell song of Mozart? It may be a long time, Sarah, before he can play to you again. A little farewell song, my child, before you go?"

His hand stole up gently from the leather case to the table, and set the box playing the same air that Sarah had heard on the evening when she entered the parlor after her journey from Somersetshire, and found him sitting alone listening to the music. What depths of sorrow there were now in those few simple notes! What mournful memories of past times gathered and swelled in the heart at the bidding of that one little plaintive melody! Sarah could not summon the courage to lift her eyes to the old man's face—they might have betrayed to him that she was thinking of the days when the box that he treasured so dearly played the air they were listening to now by the bedside of his dying child.

The stop had not been set, and the melody, after it had come to an end, began again. But now, after the first few bars, the notes succeeded one another more and more slowly—the air grew less and less recognizable—dropped at last to three notes, following each other at long intervals—then ceased altogether. The chain that governed the action of the machinery had all run out: Mozart's farewell song was silenced on a sudden, like a voice that had broken down.

The old man started, looked earnestly at his niece, and threw the leather case over the box, as if he desired to shut out the sight of it. "The music stopped so," he whispered to himself, in his own language, "when little Joseph died! Don't go!" he added, quickly, in English, almost before Sarah had time to feel surprised at the singular change that had taken place in his voice and manner. "Don't go! Think better of it, and stop with me."

"I have no choice, uncle, but to leave you—indeed, indeed, I have not! You don't think me ungrateful? Comfort me at the last moment by telling me that!"

He pressed her hand in silence, and kissed her on both cheeks. "My heart is very heavy for you, Sarah," he said. "The fear has come to me that it is not for your own good that you are going away from Uncle Joseph now."

"I have no choice," she sadly repeated; "no choice but to leave you."

"It is time, then, to get the parting over." The cloud of doubt and fear that had altered his face, from the moment when the music came to its untimely end, seemed to darken when he had said those words. He took up the basket which he had kept so carefully at his feet, and led the way out in silence.

They were barely in time: the driver was mounting to his seat when they got to the coach-office. "God preserve you, my child, and send you back to me soon, safe and well. Take the basket on your lap; there are some little things in it for your journey." His voice faltered at the last word, and Sarah felt his lips pressed on her hand. The next instant the door was closed, and she saw him dimly through her tears, standing among the idlers on the pavement, who were waiting to see the coach drive off.

By the time they were a little way out of the town she was able to dry her eyes and look into the basket. It contained a pot of jam and a horn spoon, a small inlaid work-box from the stock in the shop, a piece of foreign-looking cheese, a French roll, and a little paper packet of money, with the words, "Don't be angry!" written on it in Uncle Joseph's hand. Sarah closed the cover of the basket again, and drew down her vail. She had not felt the sorrow of the parting in all its bitterness until that moment. Oh, how hard it was to be banished from the sheltering home that was offered to her by the one friend she had left in the world!

While that thought was in her mind, the old man was just closing the door of his lonely parlor. His eyes wandered to the tea-tray on the table, and to Sarah's empty cup, and he whispered to himself, in his own language again:

"The music stopped so, when little Joseph died!"

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMO. The books inquired for are common, and easily procured.

A. B. C., Newark, will find what he wants in Squier's Work on Nicaragua.

C. B., Salem, will not suit, and shall be returned.

Received—Communications from "HULDA;" W. S. W., Tuscaloosa; J. P. B.; W. S. L., Greenwich; N. & Q., Philadelphia; T. K. O., Rockland, and many others, which are under consideration.

HORNE TOOKE AND WILKES.—Horne Tooke having challenged Wilkes, who was then sheriff of London and Middlesex, received the following cutting reply: "SIR,—I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado who is tired of life; but as I am at present High Sheriff of the City of London, it may happen that I shall shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my official capacity; in which case, I will answer for it, you *shall have no ground* to complain of my endeavors to serve you."

ALNWICK CASTLE.—Ever since the time when Halleck recorded his foray through Alnwick Castle, his readers—in other words, the great American public—have felt a vested interest in its hoary turrets and towers, and it is but fitting they should be informed of the treatment it has met with from the present Duke of Northumberland, who inherits this "Home of the Percys' high-born race." The Castle (as is well known to all tourists) is one of the grandest and most perfect extant specimens of a border feudal fortress,

> Whose pondrous gate and massy bar
> Has oft rolled back the tide of war,

but now opens freely to the magic touch of "ten and sixpence sterling." When the Duke (who is a gentleman, a sailor, and a man of enlightened tastes and liberality) came to the title, his first care was to restore the home of his fathers to its pristine glory. This was readily done as regards the exterior, which now towers more proudly "bearding the Scot" than ever, and all breathes of the twelfth century outside; but in a mansion meant for daily occupation, it is not so easy to carry out the ideas of antiquity within. Consistency says one thing, but comfort another. The Duke, during a residence in Italy, was charmed with the ample halls and galleries of the Italian Palazzi. He probably reflected that, as the Percy of to-day, he was not accustomed to

> Lie down to rest
> With corslet laced,
> Pillowed on buckler cold and hard,

and it would be absurd to restrict his steps and his eyes to the mullioned windows and machicolated gateways of the era when such habits were required; so at the bidding of the famous Roman architect Canina, the *interior* of this rugged old fortress has been transformed into the semblance of a *Cinque Cento* palace of Rome or Florence, such as Michael Angelo designed for the princely Colonnas or the Orsini, with its painted ceilings, vaulted and frescoed loggie, etc., a perfect school of Italian art being formed in bleak Northumberland expressly for this object. Much controversy has arisen in consequence. The antiquarians are furious at such a travesty. In spite of the unquestioned right every man has to "do what he likes with his own house," we think the transformation must savor a good deal of the Fifth Avenue, and can scarcely be a happy one; and in France the Commission of Historical Monuments would have interfered to prevent such desecration of the relics of the past.

For Notes and Queries:

PLAGIARISM OR REMINISCENCE.—Did not the following epigram, by Madame de Plot-Buisson, suggest to Goldsmith a verse of his "Hermit?"

> Ou peut-on trouver des amans
> Qui nous soient à jamais fidelles?
> Je n'en scais, que dans les romans,
> Ou dans les nids de tourterelles.

Which may be translated—

> Say, where may we lovers find
> Who ever constant rest?
> Alas! but in the poet's mind,
> Or in the turtle's nest.

Goldsmith's verse runs—

> And love is still an emptier sound,
> The modern fair one's jest;
> On earth unseen, or only found
> To warm the turtle's nest.

CAM RUHTRA.

Very likely. Goldsmith was a reader of the minor French poets. His "Elegy on a Mad Dog," and "Lament for Madame Blaize," are imitated from a French song on the Menagiana. The cleverest writers will always be found the greatest appropriators; because, first, they have most power of appreciating a good thing whenever they see it; and secondly, their own wealth secures them from the suspicion of stealing through necessity.

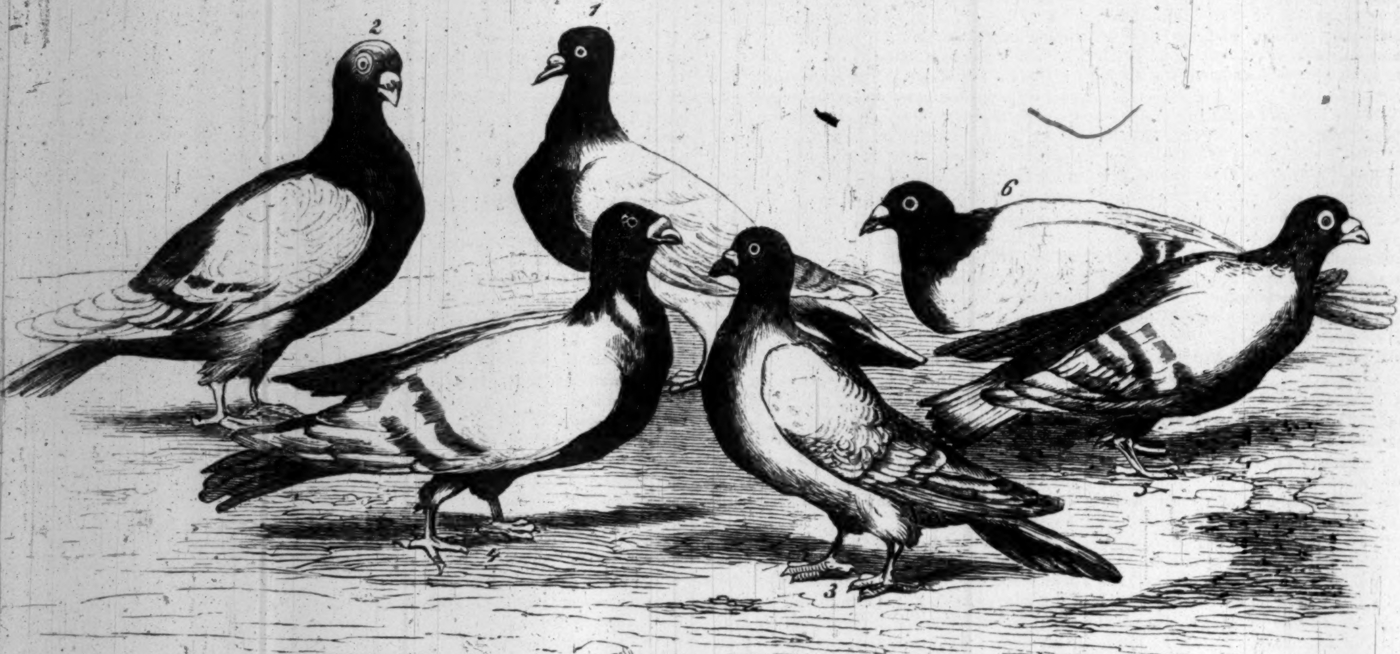
THE GREAT HOOP QUESTION.—Laboring in our harmless vocation, we offer to the ladies an antiquarian's note on this literally all-absorbing topic, which will at least show them that royal precedents are not wanting:

When Elizabeth de Valois, daughter of Catherine de Medicis and Henry II. of France, was married to the Spanish King, Philip II., a magnificent trousseau was prepared for the bride. Among other articles, we are told, it included satin petticoats, some lined with fur, and stiffened—no doubt in the modern fashion now prevalent. These garments, it is recorded seriously, were a great trouble to those who had charge of the journey of their sovereign lady to Spain, and it became almost a "question of state" how they should get these petticoats over the Pyrenees—"for they were packed in coffers" (as the Envoy Chantonnay wrote to his master) "twice as long, deep, and wide as those ordinarily used in Spain, so that, neither empty nor full, can they be conveniently carried by the wardrobe vans." Over, however, they went, though history is silent as to the means; and we dare say Elizabeth wore the widest of them all in entering Toledo, when her Majesty carried in her hand the first embroidered pocket handkerchief that had been seen in Europe.

MONEY—WHAT IS IT?—Though the word "Money" usually suggests the precious metals, and is often taken to be identical with them, it will be found, on examination, that there is scarcely a substance but what has been employed at some time or other as a substitute for those coy and slippery articles. First of all is tissue paper, the very type of fragility and insecurity, which every now and then almost supersedes its "metallic base" (as chemists would say). As far back as we can go in the Old World to the mounds and buried cities of Nimrod and Semiramis, the latest explorers have found the treasure-chambers full—not of the "real thing," but of stamped clay cylinders, impressed with the monarch's signet, recording the amount of tribute that they were "good for" in the Exchanges of Nineveh and Babylon.

According to Plato, the Lacedemonians used iron weights as money. A species of coal money is very frequent in British barrows among the sepulchral remains of the earliest inhabitants. The Dutch have minted pasteboard. The old exchequer tallies by which the English revenue accounts were kept within twenty years might be called, in some sort, wooden money. James II. coined gun-metal, the produce of old cannon. In 1690 there was a coinage, under William III., of tin, to the extent of £70,000. Lead and pewter have circulated largely as tradesmen's tokens. The Malays have a currency of betel nuts; the Madagascar people of almonds; the African tribes of cowrie shells; the inhabitants of Yucatan of certain seeds of plants; and the original settlers of Massachusetts accounted "musket-balls, full bore," a legal tender. So late as 1803, deer-skins, at the stated value of forty cents per pound, were a legalized means of barter at Cincinnati, and if proffered instead of money could not be refused. And among the chief curiosities in the collection of antiquities belonging to the city of London at Guildhall, is a unique three-penny piece struck on leather by "Robins in Old Jewry," probably soon after the time of the Commonwealth.

BIRDS OF MESSAGE.



PRIZE PIGEONS.

WHEN chivalry went out of fashion, the poor carrier-doves—no longer required to expedite love messages between captive knights and forlorn damsels, or for keeping up communications between close-leaguered fortresses and their distant allies—shared the fate of all things which cease to be useful: they were neglected—nearly forgotten. True, occasional amateurs managed so to train a favorite pigeon as that it would fly securely from one given spot to another. But for many years the carrier-dove seemed like to become, with the mail-clad warriors to whom it had oft brought cheer from afar, a tradition.

It is singular that, long as its speed and certainty of flight were known, it is only since the beginning of the present century that the messenger-dove has been utilized. In the early part of the present century, when stock speculations ran enormously high in France, and the great events of the day affected suddenly, and often very strangely, the value of all public and private securities, no means were neglected which could place the ingenious gambler in possession of early and exclusive intelligence. The mode of telegraphing then in use was too cumbrous, too expensive, and far too insecure, so far as secrecy was concerned, for satisfactory use. And so the necessities of the times and of the stock gamblers brought into vogue again the carrier-dove.

Belgium, which was a kind of neutral and central ground, from which radiated the news to all parts, but chiefly Paris-ward, became quickly the chief place of resort for pigeon-breeders, pigeon-fanciers, and pigeon-users; and at the time of the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne of France there were established between Brussels and Paris regularly organized pigeon-posts. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of francs were won and lost upon the little billet which was brought with a marvelous speed from afar, beneath the wing of a pet dove.

Every means that ingenious rascality could devise was made use of, on the one hand to facilitate, on the other to retard and obstruct the safe passage of the feathered messengers. Decoy pigeons were employed to seduce the trusty bird from its path of duty. Quick-eyed marksmen were placed in the usual track to maim or kill the letter-bearer. Fennel-seeds, of which the pigeon is extravagantly fond, were placed in spots over which it was thought he must pass, with the hope of, by this dainty, tempting him to a fatal indulgence. Often these manœuvres were attended with success; and often when the message had passed safely through all besetting dangers, it was in the end betrayed by some traitorous valet, who was, perhaps against his master's will, a sharer of the secret. To such an extent was the system of counter operations carried, that the courts of Paris found constant employment in settling the suits growing out of discoveries of such unlawful interference, and the lawyers, as usual, reaped a golden harvest from both sides. To put a stop to these suits, which threatened to monopolize the Parisian courts, it was found necessary to prohibit the flying of messenger-doves, and thus to place the business beyond the protection of the law.

It is well known that Louis Philippe, while King of the French, made almost daily use of the pigeon post; and, doubtless, by speculations upon the news he received or transmitted in this way, gained a portion of that wealth about which so much was said at the time of his dethronement.

In the United States, messenger doves have been occasionally used. During the Mexican war, and at some other periods when exciting news has been expected, and great rivalry ensued among the members of the daily press, carrier pigeons have been made use of by the most enterprising to gain exclusive and extra early news.

Up to even a very recent period, messenger pigeons were employed by the agents of the New York press to obtain news from the European steamers in advance of their arrival at New York. Many who read this paragraph have perused over their morning "coffee and cakes" the news brought by one of these feathered messengers, dispatched while yet the steamer was miles away from her port. The Sandy Hook pigeon-post is not, we believe, used at present.

The magnetic telegraph has quite superseded the pigeon; and for all practical uses he is again set aside—this time, it may be supposed, for all time. At present Belgium seems to be the home of the carrier-dove in Europe. The Belgian trains his pigeon with much the same care which the Englishman devotes to his race-horse. In Brussels there are pigeon clubs, just as in London there are jockey clubs. And the prize pigeon is as much caressed, his name and pedigree are as widely known, and money is bet as freely on his speed, as would be done of any winner of a race cup in England. The pigeon clubs of Brussels own about 2000 pigeons.

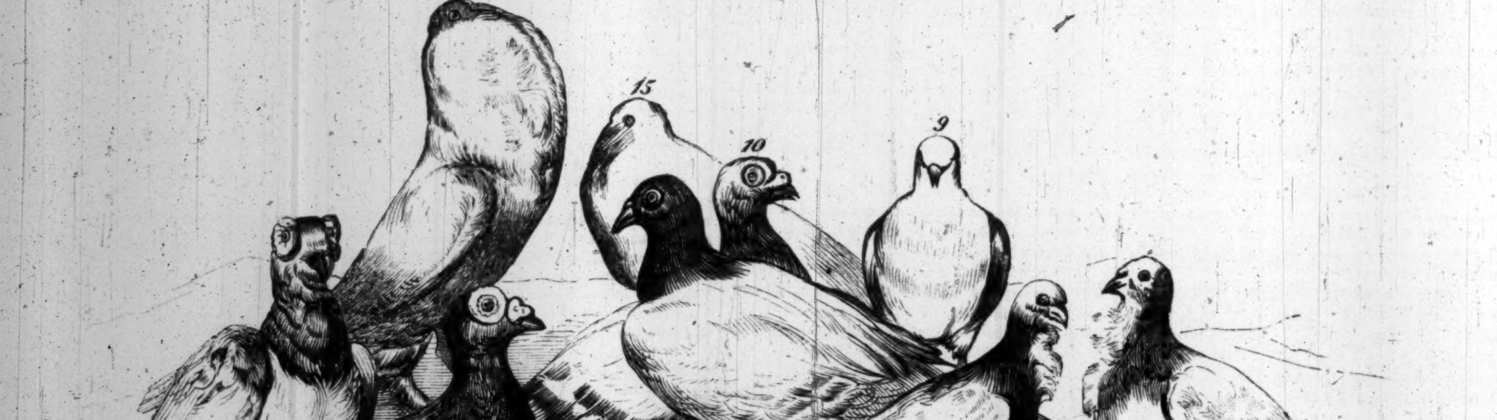
The messenger pigeon is not a distinct variety, but a cross between two varieties, neither of which are noted for speed or docility. Nos. 7 and 8 in the accompanying engravings represent the male and female of one of these varieties. Nos. 9, 12, and 13, and 14 and 15, two other kinds, with whom the first are crossed. Figures 10 and 11 show the result of the first cross. These are called in Belgium *demi-bec.* They are not used as messengers, but are again crossed with a tumbler or a pouter, and the fruit of this cross is the carrier pigeon, as shown in figures 5 and 6.

Between the third and fifth year of its age the messenger pigeon is in its prime. They have been known, however, to gain a prize, in Brussels, at eighteen years of age. Both male and female are used. The first, or trial journey, is for but a short distance; each succeeding trial is for a greater distance; till at last they accomplish very long journeys. The direction of the wind, and the season of the year, materially affect the flight of the pigeons. Winter is an unfavorable time. Nor do they fly so well toward the south as toward the north, as in the former case they have the sun in their eyes. The average time of flight between Brussels and Paris is four hours, although the distance (about 175 miles) has been made in two hours and a half. To London, five hours is the average time. The pigeon represented in our engraving under figure 1, belongs to the president of the largest pigeon club of Brussels. It is named *Le Roi des Voyageurs*, is now fourteen years old, and has won twelve prizes, of which six were for the best flights from London, one from Birmingham, one from Hull, three from Cologne, and one from Paris. No. 2 has also gained prizes for trips to London, Paris, Tours, and Poitiers. Nos. 3 and 4 are likewise noted birds.

When the pigeons distinguish themselves they receive names; by these names they are registered in the books of the Society, where also their private marks are accurately described. When a bird is to be sent out on a prize flight, it is marked under the wing with a cork stamp, which is immediately thereafter cut in halves. One half the owner of the bird retains, the other half is preserved by the Society. This is to prevent a change of birds.

A great excitement ensues in Brussels upon occasion of a pigeon match. Heavy bets are made upon favorite birds. These often change hands, at enormous prices. Five hundred or six hundred francs are frequently paid; and the winner of a prize has been known to bring to his owner over three thousand francs.

It is related of a Flemish farmer, living nine or ten miles from Brussels, that having taken part in a pigeon match, one of his birds returned unusually early. He immediately threw himself upon his horse, which stood ready saddled at the door, and galloped off for the city. On arriving at the club room, he presented his bird, and, to his great joy, received one of the first prizes—worth, perhaps, five or six francs, besides the honor. While yet rejoicing at his good fortune, he was told that his horse lay dead without, from exhaustion. "That makes no difference," was his reply. "I can get another horse, any day; but a pigeon prize I may never win again."



THE ORIGINAL VARIETIES FROM WHICH THE CARRIER DOVE IS PRODUCED.

THE LAST CHANCE.

A traveler, who was pursuing his journey on the Scotch coast, was thoughtlessly induced to take the road by the sands as the most agreeable. This road, which was safe only at low tides, lay on the beach, between the sea and the lofty cliffs which bound the coast. Pleased with the view of the inrolling waves on the one hand, and the abrupt and precipitous rocks on the other, he loitered on the way, unmindful of the sea, which was gradually encroaching on the intervening sands. A man, observing from the lofty cliffs the danger he was incurring, benevolently descended, and arresting his attention by a loud halloo, warned him not to proceed. "If you pass this spot, you lose your last chance for escape. The tides are rising. They have already covered the road you have passed over, and they are near the foot of the cliff before you, and by this ascent alone you can escape." The traveler disregarded the warning. He felt sure he could make the turn in the coast in good time; and leaving his volunteer guide, he went more rapidly on his way. Soon, however, he discovered the real danger of his position. His onward journey was arrested by the sea. He turned in haste, but to his amazement he found that the rising waters had cut off his retreat. He looked up the cliffs, but they were inaccessible. The waters were already at his feet. He sought higher ground, but was soon driven off. His last refuge was a projecting rock; but the relentless waters rose higher and higher—they reached him—they rose to his neck—he uttered a despairing shriek for help, and no help was near, as he had neglected his last opportunity to escape. The sea closed over; and it was the closing in upon him of the night of death.

An incident like this has its pregnant moral. How many travelers are there on the coast of time, amusing themselves with the surrounding scenery as they pass along! They are beset with dangers of which they are wholly unmindful. They are warned and importuned against proceeding in their present course. One only narrow way of escape is pointed out to them, which they are besought to take before it is too late. They laugh at the predicted danger, and pursue their way. The crisis at length comes—inevitable ruin stares them in the face. Worse dangers than a roaring sea, inaccessible cliffs, and a relentless tide, surround them. They have disregarded and passed by the cleft rock in which they might have taken refuge; and now, surprised by the sudden and surrounding death, they shriek for help in their bewilderment, and sink hopelessly in the raging flood.

I NEVER FORGIVE.

In the course of a voyage to America, Mr. Wesley heard General Oglethorpe, with whom he sailed, making a great noise in the cabin, upon which he stepped in to know the cause. The General immediately addressed him, saying, "Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me. I have met with a provocation too great for a man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me best of any; I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it; and this villain" (his servant, who was present, almost dead with fear) "has drank up the whole of it. But I will be revenged on him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive." "Then, Sir," said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him, "I hope you never sin." The General, confounded at the reproof, threw his keys to the servant, and bade him do better in future. Here, then, is the point: If we would never forgive, we must never sin. The very proneness to sin which we find in ourselves should be a most powerful incentive to the cultivation of a spirit of forgiveness.

THE HIGHER CALLING.

A few years ago a committee of the dominant party in the Legislature of Virginia waited upon the Rev. Dr. Plumer, then resident in Richmond and pastor of one of its churches, but now Professor in the Western Theological Seminary, and inquired whether he would consent to become their candidate for the United States Senate, assuring him that he could be very easily elected if he would permit his name to be used by the party. The Doctor, after thanking them for the honor intended to be conferred upon him, said to them, in his oracular style:

"Gentlemen, I believe you are in the habit, when you give up one office to seek another, of aiming to go up higher; are you not?"

They all replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then," said he, "it is a high honor, and very honorable office, to represent the State of Virginia in the United States Senate, but it is a much higher one to be an embassador of Christ to dying sinners, and I can't come down from a minister of the court of Heaven to that of a United States Senator."

He magnified his office, as did Paul, and so should every other man who bears it in his person; and if he does not do it, he should give it to men who will fulfill its duties and properly appreciate its dignities. Let those preachers who so long to be politicians quit the calling they are ashamed of, and take the lower they like the better.

THE BISHOP AND THE KING.

A heathen king once caused a pious bishop to be brought before him, and required of him that he should deny his faith and sacrifice to the gods. But the bishop said, "My lord and king, that I shall not do." Then was the king exceeding wroth, and said, "Knowest thou not that thy life is in my power, and I can kill thee? One look, and it will be done." "I know that," answered the bishop; "but allow me first to lay before thee a simile, and a question for thy decision. Suppose that one of thy most faithful servants should fall into the power of thine enemies, and that they should seek to move him to be unfaithful toward thee, so that he should betray thee. But seeing that thy servant remained steadfast in his fidelity, the enemies should take him, and, stripping him of all his clothes, send him away naked, in the midst of mockings and insults. Say, O king, when he should return to thee thus, wouldst thou not give him thy best robes, and recompense him for his disgrace with honor?" And the king answered, and said, "Well, yes; but what does all this mean, and where has such a thing happened?" Then spake the holy bishop, "Behold, thou canst strip me of this earthly garment. But I have a Master who will robe me anew. Ought I then to regard the dress, and give up *fidelity* for it?" Then said the heathen monarch, "Go! I give thee thy life!"

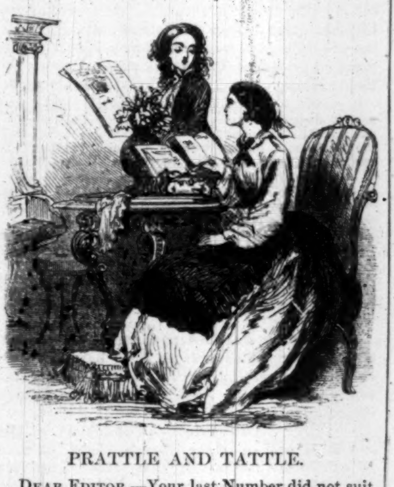
YOU'LL FIND US THERE.

At the critical moment in the battle of Waterloo, when every thing depended on the steadiness of the soldiery, courier after courier came dashing into the presence of the Duke of Wellington, announcing that, unless the troops at an important point were immediately relieved or withdrawn, they must soon yield before the impetuous onsets of the French. By all of these the Duke sent back the same spirit-stirring message, "Stand firm!"

"But we shall perish!" remonstrated the officer.

"Stand firm!" again answered the iron-hearted chieftain.

"You'll find us there!" rejoined the other as he fiercely galloped away. The result proved the truth of his reply, for every man of that doomed brigade fell bravely fighting at his post.



PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

Dear Editor,—Your last Number did not suit me as well as usual. What are you and your people about? As to Nicaragua, I am tired of it. With you it is a mania, a disease! I can consider it nothing else; every now and then it seems to break out with extraordinary virulence. Once for all, my dear Sir, what *do* you suppose we women care about Central America? or what can *you* care about it yourself? Have you property there? Have you a Parker Vein of any sort in that neighborhood? Have you any relations out there, suffering more or less from the baneful climate? Or, as a last suggestion, have you any tender recollections connected therewith? It is my belief that the energetic E. G. Squier originally inoculated you with this fever; and now that he has returned to the arms of his longing friends, I am afraid you will become worse than ever. Now Squier is a dear little fellow, and I have a great affection for him, either as Chargé, *Bard*, or enterprising engineer; but that's no reason we should live and die on Nicaragua, and have nothing in the way of *sauce piquante* even, to relieve one. Give up the subject, I beg, and suffer me to ignore that part of the terrestrial globe in future!

THE ROTHSCHILD WEDDING.

My only consolation was to read about the Rothschilds' wedding, which we all lingered over with enthusiasm. I don't much like the notion of marrying a cousin, though; it must be so tame, I think—some one that you have seen and known all your life, and played with, and quarreled with, and kicked and pinched in your early days! It must be almost as flat, I fancy, as "dancing with a brother," and we all know how deplorably uninteresting that is! I should prefer a husband who was more of a novelty to me. The charming presents and the delicious Brussels lace would go far in softening my feelings, perhaps; but then they wear out so much sooner than one's husband! I should like to have a correct list of the trousseau, if you please, in your next, and an equally correct sketch of the bridegroom elect, before I decide whether I wish to be in the lady's place or not.

DANCING AND BALLS.

One of your "brilliant correspondents" has provoked me by inquiring, with some contempt, who are the people who dress for, and drive to, and dance, at these festive balls at the Academy, and assume to amuse themselves thereat? Whoever this inquirer may be, I am quite convinced he either never even learned his steps, or else dances so badly that the grapes are sour. Besides, these opera balls are always a very pretty sight, and as a spectacle alone, are well worth seeing; though, I confess, it is not exactly my idea of enjoying a ball to sit down passively and constitute myself an observer of other persons' frolics! No, I prefer joining in the dissipation.

"When you can be sure of a good partner," Angelina says.

Yes; but I do think young men are improving a little, compared to what they were some years ago. How much fuss we used to make over a good dancer; and now it is not at all uncommon to find several in a room, who not only understand what they are about, but really dance capitally. Don't you remember how sorry we were when George Harris was sent off to California, after entering too freely upon that agricultural pursuit vulgarly called sowing his wild oats? What a dancer he was! Such a firm waltzer! Such a steady and masterly polker, equal to any manœuvres, and to any space! I was always glad when George asked me if I were disengaged! The only drawback was, one knew precisely what he would say; and upon comparing notes, we invariably found we had all been treated to the same dialogue—just as some gentlemen are incautious enough to issue several copies of a favorite valentine, and give it too wide a circulation. George was not worse than many of his sex, though—even those, too lazy to exert themselves much, who pretend to look upon quadrilles as such a "delightful medium of conversation!" And what is the sort of "conversation" one is favored with, do you suppose?

"How remarkably well you are looking to-night!" A very questionable compliment always, in my humble opinion. It is as much as to say you don't generally look so.

"Have you been very gay lately?" (*right and left.*) This remark is *invariable.*

"I believe I last had the pleasure of meeting you at Mrs. So-and-So's," mentioning some fashionable name. The chances are that neither of us ever entered that person's house; but that's no matter—it's a safe observation. (*Lady's chain.*)

"What a very pretty dress you have on to-night! Blue is my favorite color!" The shade mentioned varies, of course, if the dress happens to be pink. If it is white, we are always told "there is nothing gentlemen like better than a simple white dress!" (*Chassez croisez.*)

"I admire that style of head-dress so much! It is so becoming to persons with a fine complexion!" (*Galop.*)

"The city is very full just now!" (*Balancez.*)

"Been to the opera at Niblo's yet?" And so on, *ad infinitum.*

I believe moralists are not in the habit of going to balls. It's a pity they don't sometimes, that they might know better what they are talking about when they warn the young and inexperienced against the "fascinations of the dance," the "bewildering enchantments of these dangerous pleasures," etc., etc. I do assure you, that the above is a very correct specimen of the seductions offered to us. There you see the sum total of the "fervent declarations," the "passionate words," accompanied by "burning glances" and "thrilling tones," supposed to be so fatal to our juvenile peace! Not very hard to survive, after all, is it? I should really like to be present at one of those ideal balls, where every body is so dreadfully dangerous; and if not perfectly irresistible himself, is a sad and picturesque victim of some one else who is.

LEADERS OF "SOCIETY."

There is one question I wish to ask you, *apropos* of the Opera Hall, which often occurs to me when in "society," and which I often ask, though I have never yet had the ghost of a reply to it. I wish to know why the New Yorkers—a community at all times remarkable for their common sense and moderation—should have ceded their rule and government, without negation, hesitation, or parley of any kind, to such very *large* persons? I am not alluding to the renowned Fernando—the valiant Mayor Wood—nor indeed to any down-town or Aldermanic Corporation; I refer to a government more immediately affecting our social interests. To speak plainly: Why are the presumed, or assumed, or ostensible "Leaders of Fashion" and arbiters of elegance—why are they (I ask it with all delicacy and respect), why are they—such *enormously* fat women?

What is the reason of it? Where is the necessity for it? Is it the result of a principle, or only the consequence of a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances? Is it because there are so many pretty women—the average being undoubtedly graceful and slender—that we act on the rule of contraries, and look up to the stout ones most? Is it that, like many savage nations, we choose our sovereigns by their size and weight? In ancient times, the historian tells us, a giant was a monarch, and a giantess was pretty sure to be elected to authority, *nem. con.*; but is that any reason why we, the age of intellect being in full force, should yield to ponderosity and volume, and only suffer those of a certain vastness to have rule over us? Is our social government a dictatorship, only to be acquired by main force, and by so many inches round the waist? or why must a leader of *ton* be a woman of a *tun*? The words are not synonymous, I believe.

I am really tired of seeing these broad persons rule the roast (for which I own, literally speaking, they appear admirably adapted), and I should be truly thankful to any fair and fragile creature who would usurp the crown, by way of a change. She might be as thin as she pleased, provided she didn't go too *décolleté*. I am weary of the constant references to these awfully-developed personages, and I fancy sometimes they strike terror—physical terror—into us, by their dimensions alone! Otherwise, why do I hear such incessant appeals to their taste and authority. "Shall we go there?" "Yes, if the L——'s go." "Shall we wear this or that?" "Have the J——'s adopted it?" Another lady is "so sorry she went to So-and-So's in full dress, Mrs. —— and Mrs. —— were all in *demi toilette!*" and she is miserable accordingly! Whatever they do every body else must do! Why should this tyranny endure? If they were pretty women, I wouldn't mind; but as it is, I vote for a revolution.

Good-by, my dear Editor, for to-day.

CHIPS FROM OUR LIBRARY;

A CHANCE MEDLEY OF FACT, SENTIMENT, AND ANECDOTE.

SPECTACLES AND A SPECTACLE.

Any thing, it would seem, may be made a badge of vanity and distinction; but among the frivolities of fashion and etiquette, it was reserved for those ingenious adepts in the latter art, the people of Spain, to found a sort of glory in the wearing of spectacles—spectacles, too, of the large, monstrous, antique sort, the Benjamin Franklin pattern, which modern delicacy has banished to the least scrupulous of old market-women. The story is well told by the Countess D'Aulnoy, in her letters from the spot. She is writing from Madrid:

> At my first coming in to visit the Princess of Monteleon, I was surprised to see so many young ladies with great spectacles on their noses, and fastened to their ears; but that which yet seemed strangest to me was that they made no use of them when it was necessary; they only discoursed while they had them on. I was disturbed at it, and asked the Marchioness de la Rosa (with whom I have contracted a dear friendship) the reason of it. She is a pretty sort of woman, and understands how to live. She has great wit, and is a Neapolitan. She fell a laughing at my question, and told me that it was done to make them look grave—that they did not wear them for necessity, but to draw respect. "Do you see that lady?" says she to me (meaning one that was near us); "I do not believe that since she was ten years old she ever left them off but when she went to bed. In truth, they both eat with them, and in the streets and assemblies you can never fail of meeting abundance of men and women with their spectacles. Upon this occasion I must needs tell you," continued she, "that some time ago the Jacobin friars had a suit in law of high importance, the success of which they were too much concerned to neglect any means of obtaining. One of the young fathers of the convent had some kindred of the highest quality, which, upon his account, solicited very hard on their behalf. The prior assured him that if, through his credit and interest, they should get the better of the suit, he could not ask any thing but should be granted him for an acknowledgment. At length they gained their point; and the young father, transported with joy, immediately ran to tell the news, and at the same time prepared himself to ask a favor which a long time he had had a great desire to obtain. But the prior, after having embraced him, with grave looks and tone said to him, '*Her mano, ponga las ojalas,*' which is to say, 'Brother, put on spectacles.' The honor of this permission filled the young monk with a strange joy; he thought himself and his care too highly recompensed, and had nothing else to ask. The Marquis of Astorgas, Viceroy of Naples," added she, "had his statue to the middle cut in marble, upon which he was very careful to cause his best spectacles to be put. It is so common a thing to wear them, that I have heard there are different spectacles according to the different qualities and degrees of men and women. Proportionably as a man's fortune rises, he increases in the largeness of his spectacle-glasses, and wears them higher upon his nose. The grandees of Spain wear them as broad as their hand, which, for distinction, they call *ocales.* They fasten them behind their ears, and leave them off as seldom as they do their collars. Formerly they had the glasses of them from Venice; but ever since the enterprise of the Marquis of Cueva, which was called the Triumvirate, because there were three persons who undertook to fire the arsenal of Venice with burning-glasses, and by this means to make the King of Spain master of that city. The Venetians, to be revenged, caused a vast number of these *ocales* to be made, and sent to their embassador at Madrid. He presented some of them to the whole court, and all that used them were almost blinded with them, for they were made of burning-glass, and very artificially done, and set in certain frames made of combustible matter, which, with the least rays of the sun, would put all in a flame. It happened upon a council-day, that, in the room where they sat, one of the windows was left open, and the sun shining perpendicularly on their spectacles, all on a sudden they perceived a dangerous kind of fire contrived against their eyebrows and hair; it is hardly possible to imagine what a fright these venerable old men were in." "I could wish," said I to the Marchioness, "that this story was credible, for it is very pleasant." "As I did not see it," replied she, smiling, "so I can not positively assure you that it is true; but the business of the Jacobin friars, which I have related to you, I had from the best authority."
>
> I have since observed several persons of quality in their coaches, sometimes alone and other times in company, with these great spectacles hung upon their noses, which in my mind is a strange sight.

KNOWING WHAT ONE'S ABOUT.

"Half the evil in this world," says Ruskin, in his "Stones of Venice," "comes from people not knowing what they do like—not deliberately settling themselves to find out what they really enjoy. All people enjoy giving away money, for instance; they don't know that—they rather think they like keeping it; and they do keep it, under this false impression, often to their great discomfort. Every body likes to do good; but not one in a hundred finds this out. Multitudes think they like to do evil; yet no man ever really enjoyed doing evil since God made the world."

COINCIDENCES OF NAMES.

In that curious hodge-podge of a book, "The Life and Errors of John Dunton," that eccentric old bibliopole, after a series of personal notices of his associates in the trade in London in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and of the authors, mostly hacks, who wrote for him, sums up in several pages the miscellaneous notables—and others not notable—of his acquaintance. It is a very excellent stock of good English names, and is well worthy the attention of antiquarians in that line, or of novelists in want of heroes. Indeed, Mr. Thackeray would seem to have been plowing with this heifer; for within a few lines we find on the list "quiet Thackeray," "traveling Tidmarsh," "Williamite Barnes," "Press Newcome." A similar account of the booksellers of New York to that furnished by Dunton would be a pleasant variety in the literature of the day, but the style is too personal for imitation.

DIPLOMATIC ANSWERS.—TALLEYRANDIANA.

Talleyrand was, of course, a master of the art—not less in readiness with the small change of conversation in answer than in the great councils of politicians. His mystery was admirably compensated by his wit. A mental kick from him was sometimes better than a deferential courtesy from another.

He was once asked what he thought of the rapid political changes going on at Paris—if he had any faith in the movement. "Why, in the morning," said he, "I believe; in the afternoon I change my opinion; and in the evening I have no opinion at all."

To an inquisitive *quidnunc* bearing down upon him with the deformity of a squint, and the question how he thought certain measures would go, "As you see," was the reply.

A council of the ministry of which TALLEYRAND was a member having sat on some public business, a nobleman met him coming out, and asked what had passed in the sitting: "Three hours," he replied.

The COUNT DE VIRY, a minister of state at Turin, in the last century, was an adept in this craft. If he was ill, it became a state secret. He once had an injury to one of his legs, and employed a surgeon to heal it. Shortly after, a similar difficulty occurring with the other leg, he engaged a different surgeon to tend that. The knowledge of both legs was, he thought, too much to be intrusted to any one man. He acquired, we are told, such a reputation for reserve that, when he died, some person inquiring after him, his secretary replied, "He is dead, but he does not wish it to be known."

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NAPLES, *March* 10, 1857.

THE most satisfactory mode of traveling—when traveling is done for its own sake—is afoot; and the least satisfactory is by railroad, which is simply transportation. Somewhere midway between these two, combining a moderate speed with sufficient time to make acquaintance with the landscape, is the vetturino system of Italy, which yet holds its ground against all other modes on account of its obvious merits. To exist at all, it should have a region to traverse pregnant with historical and poetical associations, and thickly strewed with souvenirs of the romantic or classical past. Every mile of ground must have its specific object of interest—a myth, tradition, story, ruin—or its art, still grand or beautiful; scenery rich in the picturesque, mountain wildness, and width of sunny plain, or the deep shadows of wooded vales—all combining with gold and purple sunsets and clear and lustrous sunrises over snow-capped peaks to keep imagination, memory, and body, in one continuous condition of suggestive exhilaration. Such is Italy, despite its drawbacks, and such scope does vetturino travel afford to head and limbs. One can recline in a luxurious carriage, and roll gently over unimpeachable roads, with his array of household comforts safely stowed by him, varying his position by a foot ramble up and down the hills, or amidst the local objects of interest that line either side of his course, and thus keep himself in healthy tune with all about him. The vetturino is a most obsequious servant so long as his "buono mano" is in the prospective, and will accommodate his horses' paces to your desires, and scent out the most comfortable inns and the least lying landlords for your satisfaction. But cheatery with all is the rule, and therefore the traveler should stock himself largely with philosophical resignation to the purse-suckers of all kinds, from beggar to banditti.

As for myself, I have vetturinoed it so much over Italy that it now requires something particularly new to excite an emotion. I got up half a one in crossing the Roman Campagna, the other morning, toward Albano. Half way over, while musing over that strange desert of mingled art and nature, with my eyesight somewhat confused, between the long lines of aqueducts and a row of hats attached, rim uppermost, to the top of the carriage, I caught a glimpse of a man on behind. "Poor devil!" said I to myself, "he is very tired footing it over this weary waste; let him have a lift for a mile or two. I'll not have him whipped off!"

Somehow or other, it has always happened that my best intentions toward others have always resulted in evil to myself. There's a screw loose somewhere in my providence of things, and I have never been able to key it up; but I suppose it will come out all right to somebody in the end. In this case my self-invited fellow-traveler, while my attention was perplexed between the hats and aqueducts, disappeared on the Campagna like a wreck that goes down suddenly at sea, leaving not even a foaming bubble behind. So he went, and with him my trunk, leaving me shirtless, save one—and that, alas! the poorest of the lot—on my road to Naples. I called the attention of my vetturino to the fact. He merely shrugged his shoulders, asked me what else could I expect in the Campagna, and intimated it was as useless to search for it or the thief as it would be to look for honesty any where on the roadside in Italy. It was simply gone, and there was nothing more to be said about it; so I told my comforter to hurry on with all speed to this goodly city, in which mayhap I could get credit for a change of raiment.

He took his time, four days, but they were well spent; we had, a portion of the route, weather borrowed from Paradise, and the rest from Greenland, and entered Naples at last in a flurry of snow and hurricane of wind and dust. Tell me not of atmospherical changes in America; those of this balmy South surpass any thing I have seen elsewhere. An interval of a few hours changed a soft, almost tropical air—cradled amidst palms, roses, and orange-groves—into a furious snow-squall, and a temperature which bit into the bone. Had it been a possible thing, I should have supposed our driver had mistaken his route, and landed us at St. Petersburg instead of the capital of Parthenope.

Just before entering Naples, on the roadside wall of a chapel, there is a somewhat suggestive illustration, painted in fresco, of the perils of the route which the traveler has just passed over. It consists of a group of robbers, of the size of life, murdering a carriage-load of travelers, who look as if they were screaming most fearfully for grace during the operation. But as a moral for the banditti, the artist has placed behind each of them a skeleton, who, under the inspiration of the Virgin Mary, is about to strike each one dead with some nondescript weapon attached to its bony hands. But as these spectral assailants are unseen by the robbers, they pay no attention to them, and go on with their shooting and throat-cutting with the usual *sang froid* of gentlemen of their cloth. Near by are several half-figures very quietly seated in fiery furnaces, and seemingly enjoying their positions; but whether these were intended to represent the final torments of the robbers or the path to beatification of saints, I could not make out; but as I passed the painting I inwardly congratulated myself that I had lost only my trunk, while my temper kept as sound and sweet as an air-tight can of preserved peaches. After all, in traveling, there is no sauce so sweet for the road as placidity—and the firmness with which I respectfully declined to pay the vetturino forty dollars due him, as some redress for not properly securing my property from depredations.

CICERONE.

THE BRAIN TO THE HAND.

How now, Hornyhand,
Toiling in the crowd,
What is there in thee or thine
That thou scornest me and mine,
Looking down so proud?
Thou'rt the bee, and I'm the drone!
Not so, Hornyhand!
Sit beside me on the sward;
Where's the need to stand?
And we'll reason, thou and I,
'Twixt the green grass and the sky.

Thou canst plow and delve,
Thou canst weave and spin,
On thy brow are streaks of care,
Iron-gray's thy scanty hair
And thy garments thin;
Were it not for such as thou,
Toiling morn and night,
Luxury would lose its gauds,
And the land its might;
Mart and harbor would decay,
Tower and temple pass away.

Granted, Hornyhand!
High's the work you do;
Spring-time sowing, autumn tilth,
And the red wine's lusty spilth,
Were not but for you.
Art and arms, and all the pride
Of our wealth and state,
Start from Labor's honest hands—
Labor high and great,
Sire of plenty, friend of Mirth,
Master of the willing Earth.

Yet, good Hornyhand,
Why shouldst thou be vain?
Why should builder, plowman, smith,
Boastful of their strength and pith,
Scorn the busy brain?
Working classes, self-bedubbed!—
As if none but they
Labor'd with incessant toil,
Night as well as day,
With the spirit and the pen—
Teachers, guides, and friends of men!

Drones there are, no doubt;
Yet not all who seem:
Flesh and blood are not the whole—
There's a honey of the soul,
Whatsoe'er thou deem.
Is the man who builds a book,
That exalts and charms,
Not as good as he who builds
With his brawny arms?
What were Labor but for Thought?—
Baseless effort, born of naught!

Many a noble heart,
Many a regal head,
Labors for our native land
Harder than the horniest hand
For its daily bread.
Painter, poet, statesman, sage,
Toil for human kind,
Unrewarded but of Heaven,
And the inner mind.
Thou recantest?—So!—'Tis done!
Pass from shadow into sun!

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

THE VIENNA correspondent of the London *Times* states that the Cardinal Archbishop of that city, who has long been dissatisfied with the way in which the "press-bureau" has discharged its duties, has now taken the matter into his own hands, and demanded the entire prohibition of five daily papers, all of which have a good reputation in Germany. "They are—the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, the *Neue München Nachrichten*, the *Frankfurter Journal*, and the *Breslauer Zeitung.* His Eminence further demands that the correspondents of the foreign papers should be 'kept in better order.' The meaning of the sentence quoted is that no writer for the foreign press shall in future be allowed to make any mention of the continual and dangerous encroachments of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. In a pastoral letter which has just been published, the Bishop of Budweis, in Bohemia, complains of the lukewarmness of his flock, and menaces them with most severe disciplinary punishment if they do not mend their ways. As the reverend father in God is of opinion that the Roman Catholic who only confesses once a year (at Easter) is little better than a lost sheep, he insists on frequent confessions, and orders his clergy to refuse to administer the last consolations of religion to those who do not obey his commands. He also threatens to refuse to permit the mortal remains of the refractory to be interred in consecrated ground. A letter addressed to the *Volksfreund* by a priest clearly shows that the violence of the bishops has produced a most unfavorable impression on the people. The reverend gentleman complains that the body of a deceased person is often quite cold before the priest is sent for, so that he is unable to administer the sacrament of extreme unction. The fact is that many Roman Catholics refuse to confess and receive the sacrament before their death, and the relatives, fearing that the priest may decline to bury the corpse in consecrated ground, send for him afterward, in order that extreme unction may be administered."

The Bishop of Leitmeritz, also in Bohemia, has just published a list of questions which, in his diocese, are to be put to all the candidates for the sacrament of marriage. The questions to be addressed to the bridegroom are twenty-four in number, and among them are the following:

"12. 'Are you related to your bride?
"16. Had or has your bride a sister?"

If the priest thinks fit, he is to put the following questions:

"17. Did you ever promise marriage to the mother or sister of your bride?
"18. Did you ever have improper intercourse with the mother, sister, aunt, or first cousin of your wife?"

A widower is to be asked whether he, during the lifetime of his deceased wife, has had such intercourse with his bride. The bishop further orders that similar questions are to be put to the bride, and in addition to them others which we dare not quote. The affianced couple are to be questioned in the presence of each other and of the witnesses. In addition to the foregoing, every non-Catholic bridegroom must solemnly promise to the priest that all the children which his Catholic wife may bear shall be brought up in the faith of their mother.

THE CHURCH AND THE STATE IN FRANCE.—There is going on in France a conflict between the authority of the Church and of the State in ecclesiastical affairs, where the rights of a citizen are concerned. The Ultramontane party is strenuously endeavoring to get back to the mediæval times, when all questions, particularly concerning the clergy, were under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Church. But some of the Roman Catholic clergy have manifested a determination to appeal to the State for protection against the abuse of power by their bishops. The London *Christian Times* says:

> In consequence of the Bishop of Moulins having suspended several priests in his diocese for manifestly illegal reasons, that prelate is now in direct conflict with the Minister of Public Worship. The Abbé Martinel, *curé* of St. Nicolas at Moulins, and the Abbé Gomot, *curé* of St. Pierre, in the same town, both ecclesiastics highly esteemed in their parishes, have demanded redress from the Minister against sentence of indefinite suspension, which the Metropolitan has inflicted upon them. Such acts as these are directly in the teeth of the Concordat. The Minister has taken a decided step, such as has not been known for a very long time. He has appealed to the Council of State against the Bishop's abuses of his authority. The decision is awaited with intense interest, and may have a great effect upon the state of the Church in France.

PROTESTANT PASTORS IN PARIS.—The pastors of the Reformed Church in Paris have been increased to seventeen, by the addition of four recently. There are French pastors over French congregations.

CONVENT FASCINATION.—The history of the world, as well as of the Church, clearly evinces that there is a fascination in a secluded convent life, which can scarcely be resisted in certain states of the mind, and under certain circumstances. This remark is elicited by reading the following passage in a late London paper:

> Miss Hales, of Hales Place, has expressed a determination to forego the position in society she has occupied since attaining her majority, and to retire into a convent. It is also stated that the whole of the large estates which she inherits will be made over to the Church of Rome.

REV. MESSRS. SPURGEON AND PUNSHON.—There seems to be appearing in the Church, particularly in the Old World, a rare race of men who arouse and retain public attention even against the judgment of the critics and the conservatives. Among these are the young Baptist minister, Spurgeon, and the young Wesleyan minister, Punshon. Of the first a writer in the London *Times* of March 16th says:

> "Fancy a congregation, consisting of 10,000 souls, streaming into the hall, mounting the galleries, humming, buzzing, and swarming—a mighty hive of bees—eager to secure at first the best places, and at last any place at all. After waiting more than half an hour—for, if you wish to have a seat, you must be there at least that space of time in advance—Mr. Spurgeon ascended the tribune. To the hum, and rush, and trampling of men succeeded a low, concentrated thrill and murmur of devotion, which seemed to run at once like an electric current through the breast of every one present, and, by his magnetic chain, the preacher held us fast bound for about two hours. It is not my purpose to give a summary of his discourse. It is enough to say of his voice, that its power and volume are sufficient to reach every one in that vast assembly; of his language, that it is neither highflown nor homely; of his style, that it is at times familiar, at times declamatory, but always happy and often eloquent; of his doctrine, that neither the Calvinist nor the Baptist appear in the forefront of the battle which is waged by Mr. Spurgeon with relentless animosity and with gospel weapons against irreligion, cant, hypocrisy, pride, and those secret bosom sins which so easily beset a man in daily life; and, to sum up all in a word, it is enough to say of the man himself, that he impresses you with a perfect conviction of his sincerity. . . . If I were the examining chaplain of the Archbishop of ——, I would say, 'May it please your Grace, here is a man able to preach eloquently, able to fill the largest church in England with his voice, and, what is more to the purpose, with people. And may it please your Grace, here are two churches in this metropolis—St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. What does your Grace think of inviting Mr. Spurgeon—this heretical Calvinist and Baptist, who is able to draw 10,000 souls after him—just to try his voice, some Sunday morning, in the nave of either of those churches? At any rate, I will answer for one thing, that, if he preaches in Westminster Abbey, we shall not have a repetition of the disgraceful practice now common in that church, of having the sermon *before* the anthem, in order that those who would quit the church when the arid sermon begins may be forced to stay it out for the sake of the music which follows it.'"

SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN PARIS.—Mr. Woodruff of New York has paid a visit to Paris, and succeeded in introducing there, to some extent, what often occurs in our own country; that is, he succeeded in collecting together the scattered Protestant Sunday schools in the Church of the Oratoire, to the number of 1800 children, surrounded by crowds, that could not find access to the church. The children were addressed by Wesleyans, Calvinists, Nationals, Independents, English, French, and Americans. The churches as well as the nations are fusing under the influence of Christian civilization.

GUNTHER'S SUBMISSION.—It has already been announced that the Congregation of the Index at Rome had proscribed the works of the celebrated Dr. Gunther. The wonderful power of the Roman Catholic Church over the individual mind and conscience is indicated by the fact that, upon receiving the decree against his well-considered published works, Dr. Gunther wrote a letter to the pope expressing in very humble terms his submission to the decision of the Index. It is expressly understood and declared that this submission is founded in obedience to the authority of the Church, and not in the convictions of his own mind, except in so far as that he accepts the judgment of the Congregation of the Index against his own judgment.

THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS in the Catholic Church seem to answer to the Itinerant Evangelists of the Protestant Church. They visit different parishes, upon invitation of the incumbent priests, and spend some time as missionaries extraordinary to arouse the people in matters of religion. The *Tablet* of Dublin says:

> "The Redemptorist Fathers, on the invitation of the parish priest, the Rev. John Bunton, are to commence a mission in the parish of Glin on Sunday next, the 22d inst. We are sure that the presence of the indefatigable and Apostolic Fathers will be hailed by the people with enthusiastic satisfaction, and that immense benefits will flow from their glorious labors in that extensive parish and district. The mission is to continue for a fortnight."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

OLD Rodger was visiting a friend who had a remarkably fine little girl about three years old, famous for smart sayings. As usual, she was shown off before our esteemed friend. "What is papa?" said the "patient," in order to draw out the precious child. "Pap's a humbug," said the juvenile. "I declare," said old Rodger; "I never in my life saw so young a child with so mature a judgment!"

"Junius, I just come from de Court-house, where I made a short speech."
"Made a speech, Sambo? yer don't say so!"
"Y-e-a-s, y-e-a-s; I made a speech—a short speech—a *short* speech—a *very* short speech."
"Why, nigga, what did yer say?"
"Wall, dey called me up in de court, and I said, 'NOT GUILTY!'"

A seaman having his leg shattered by a ball during an engagement, underwent amputation with the greatest indifference to pain. When the limb was off, it was, of course, immediately thrown overboard; upon which Jack called out to the man who had performed the last office for his departed leg: "I'll complain of you to the captain. Although you were ordered to throw my leg overboard, you had no right to throw my shoe with it!"

A Chinese boy, who is learning English, came across the passage in his Testament, "We have piped, and ye have not danced, and rendered it thus: "We have toot, toot to you; what's the matter you no jump?"

A young man who has recently taken a wife says, he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

Says Stiggins to his wife one day,
"We've nothing left to eat;
If things go on in this queer way,
We shan't make *both ends meet.*"

The dame replied, in words discreet,
"We're not so badly fed,
If we can make but *one* end *meat*,
And make the other *bread.*"

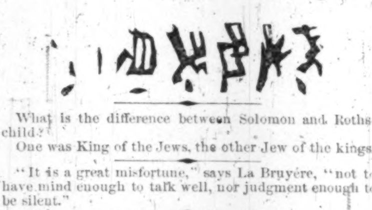
Ephraim of the Boston *Star*, says that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too "No-ing by half."

In a window on Broadway is a placard, inscribed with the words, "Hearing Trumpets of every Description." It strikes the *Picayune* that a man who has been hearing trumpets of every description during the two years we have seen that placard, would be rather tired of the noise by this time, and might have become so deaf as to require an ear trumpet to enable him to hear any thing at all!

Last week a man bolted a door, threw up a window of a house, and afterward swallowed a whole story. He has had no appetite since.

What is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on? Warfare.

The news from China is startling. We have not time to translate it, but lay it in hot haste, and in all its terrible particulars, before our intelligent readers:



What is the difference between Solomon and Rothschild?
One was King of the Jews, the other Jew of the kings.

"It is a great misfortune," says La Bruyère, "not to have mind enough to talk well, nor judgment enough to be silent."

As the steamer *Commonwealth* came alongside the wharf at New London, Connecticut, on Friday night, on the passage from Norwich to New York, a lady walked overboard, and would have been drowned but for the hoops in her dress, which rendered the same somewhat balloonish, and withal answered the purpose of a more complicated life-preserver. The night was very dark, and it was nearly half an hour before she could be extricated from her perilous position, during which time the hoops were sufficiently strong to buoy her up and prevent her from sinking.

A rogue asked charity on pretense of being dumb. A lady having asked him, with equal simplicity and humanity, how long he had been dumb, he was thrown off his guard, and answered, "From birth." "Poor fellow!" said the lady, and gave him a dollar.

"Sedley," said Charles II., "look me out a man who can't be corrupted. I have sent three treasurers to the North, and they have all turned thieves." "Well, your Majesty, I recommend Mivert." "Mivert, you dog!" said Charles; "why, Mivert is a thief already!" "Therefore he can not be corrupted, your Majesty," said Sedley.

When strangers visiting Wordsworth's house wished to see his study, the servant said: "The library where my master keeps his books is in that room, but his study is in the fields."

"You haven't opened your mouth during the whole session," complained a member of the Legislature to a representative from the same town.
"Oh yes, I have," was the reply; "I yawned through the whole of your speech."

The month of April has been remarkable for its fatality to celebrated women:

Petrarch's Laura died on the 6th of April.
Diana of Poictiers, on the 26th.
Queen Elizabeth of England, on the 3d.
Christina, Queen of Sweden, on the 19th.
Mademoiselle de Montpensier, on the 5th.
Madame de Sevigné, on the 14th.
Madame de Maintenon, on the 15th.
Madame de Caylus, on the 15th.
Madame de Pompadour, on the 15th.
Judith, Queen of France, on the 19th.
Jeane de Navarre, on the 2d.

One of those old gentlemen whose age is supposed to entitle them to say any thing, made the following extremely rude and personal remark to a young officer in a distinguished regiment about to proceed to China: "Well, Sir, well; you're going to Canton, eh, Sir? Well, I can only say, I hope you won't fall into the hands of the Chinamen, alive or dead; for if you're alive, they'll kill you, and if you're dead, or when you're dead, they'll eat you. Sir, I believe it's an undoubted fact that the Chinese eat puppies."

A noun of multitude is a word by which any number of substantives may be combined in a singular form, as, "The Board of Aldermen—a den of thieves."

The following may be adduced as just a few of the privileged Rights of Woman; to wit—A gentleman's Right arm, the Right-hand side of a carriage, and always the Right side of an argument. To the above may be thrown in, as peculiar Rights that Woman perhaps understands and decidedly adorns a thousand times better than Man, viz., the Rites of Hospitality and the Rites of Hymen. Though, to speak impartially, the Wrongs of Hymen (as witness our police reports) fall to poor Woman's share almost as frequently as the Rites.

One of the certificates of death, written by a "physician of large practice," received at the City Inspector's office, reads as follows: "Mrs. Karoline Johnsons dawter aged five months and ate days died with defishensy of life to-day, under my attendance."

Punch says that it is the decided opinion of all the American residents at Hong Kong, that Mr. Allum, the baker who poisoned the bread, is, or was, before he was shot, the greatest loafer in existence.

A celebrated liquor importer in Boston recently had his pocket-book, containing a large sum of money, taken from his pocket while entering church. A few days subsequent he received the pocket-book through the post (postage unpaid), accompanied with a note, in which the writer stated that, after spending the money, he discovered, to his utter horror, that he had been making use of funds obtained in the liquor traffic. He therefore returned the pocket-book, and would do the same by the money should he be able to lay hands on it.

Two laughable occurrences, affording new demonstrations of the migratory propensities of our countrymen, have come to our notice. A gentleman recently found, amidst the ruins of Palmyra, surrounded by all the decaying relics of Oriental grandeur, a New England farmer from Berkshire County, "keeping house" with his family. Again, a friend from Boston was traveling some years ago in Greece, and stopped in Athens. To while away an evening, he visited the theatre. While musing upon the topics which every scene around him suggested to his mind, and deeply buried in classic associations, he heard a voice behind him remark, "Pooh! this ain't nothing. You ought to see the Tremont Theatre, Boston." Turning round in utter amazement, he exclaimed to a gaunt Yankee on the next bench—"Where *on earth* did you come from?" Without moving a muscle of his face, the person rejoined—"Got a little vessel down here in Peiraeus. Just come from Thomaston, Maine." The effect can be imagined.

In Cork, a short time ago, the crier of the court endeavored to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the Court!"

Always do as the sun does—look at the bright side of every thing; it is just as cheap, and three times as good for digestion.

An editor down South says he never dotted an *i* but once in his life, and that was in a fight with a contemporary.

Hannah More said to Horace Walpole: "If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody."

The story that Crawford, who committed suicide at Burke, Vermont, left a confession that he had killed a man, arose as follows: He had used strychnine to kill rats, and buried the bottle in order to get it out of the way. On searching his pockets, a memorandum was found which seemed to read: "Body of Strickland buried under the ball alley." On further examination, however, it was found to be, "*Bottle of strychnine* buried under the ball alley;" and so the story exploded.

Disraeli once wrote of a certain fine lady: "She had certainly some qualities to shine in a fashionable circle. She had plenty of apathy; was tolerably illiterate; was brilliantly vain, and fertilely capricious; acquiesced with every one, and diffused universal smiles."

Have you got a sister? Then love and cherish her with a holy friendship.—*Warnock.*

If you have no sister of your own, we advise you to love somebody else's sister.—*Bardstown Gazette.*

The Louisville *Journal* recollects hearing from the late Chief Justice Marshall, that Governor Giles, of Virginia, once addressed a note of this tenor to Patrick Henry:

"Sir,—I understand that you have called me a 'bobtail' politician. I wish to know if it be true, and if true, your meaning. WM. B. GILES."

To which Mr. Henry replied in this wise:

"Sir,—I do not recollect having called you a bobtail politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or the occasion, I can't say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not.

"Very respectfully, PATRICK HENRY."

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt-front is not the wife of his bosom.

"Well, we live in a wondrous age,
And 'go ahead' is all the rage;
No place but what, by magic wire,
Is just as nigh as tho' 'twere nigher!"

When is the weather favorable to hay-making? When it "rains pitchforks."

The difference between a republic and a monarchy is thus pointed out by somebody: "Pile all the people into a pyramid, with the President for an apex, and you have the symbol of a republic. You can shake the President, but you can't move the united force of the people. Invert that pyramid, with a King for its base, and you have the symbol of a monarchy. Trip up that King, and the whole structure falls into confusion."

Here is an inscription on a tablet in Limerick Cathedral:

MEMENTO-MORY.

Here lieth Littele Samuell Barinton, that Great Under Taker, of Famious Cittis Clock and Chime Maker; He made his one Time goe Early and Latter, But now He is returned to God his Creator.

The 19th of November Then He Seest, And for His memory this Here is Pleast, By His Son Ben 1693.

The question, "Will saltpetre explode?" has caused considerable discussion in the scientific and editorial world. Another issue was started by two young men at North Adams, Massachusetts, on Sunday week. A firm of tunnel contractors had vacated a store, and the new-comer, finding there a part of a barrel of powder, set it upon the platform under an awning. Two individuals, having nothing else to occupy their time, took occasion to sit on this barrel and gaze at the church-goers, in the mean time solacing themselves with cigars. One of the precious couple started the question, "Will powder burn?" and the other, anxious for a solution, removed the cover and applied a handful to his cigar, after which stars were seen "shot madly from their spheres," and the young men spread themselves in various directions, while the congregation was aroused by an alarm of fire. There was but little damage, but the question was settled, and that is important.

"Sam, what fish in de salt water weighs de least?"

"Why, Julius, what ignoramous questions you ax yer bredren! Minims weigh de least of course."

"No, no, sah—dats wrong now; it am de porpus weighs nothing—cos he's got no *scales*."

The Albany *Knickerbocker* gives the following recipe to destroy flies: "Take a boarding-house pie, cut it into thin slices, and lay it where the flies can have full access to it. In less than fifteen minutes the whole coboodle of them will be dead with the colic."

In the Commonplace book of Justinian Paget, a lawyer of James the First's time, preserved among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, is the following sonnet:

"My love and I for kisses play'd;
Shee would keepe stakes, I was content;
But when I wonn she would be pay'd,
This made me ask her what she ment;
Nay, since I see (quoth she) you wrangle in vaine,
Take your owne kisses, give me mine againe."

An Irish auctioneer, while expatiating on the merits of a telescope, sagely observed—"How often has the widow's heart leapt with joy when she has beheld her husband at a distance brought near to her by such an instrument as this!"

"Jack," said a gentleman to an old negro who was rather busily engaged in clearing the snow from his premises, "Jack, my old boy, you don't get along with this job very fast."

"Why, master," replied Jack, scratching his wool, "pretty considerably for an old man, I guess; and I conceit myself that I can clear more snow away in dese here short days, than the spryest nigger in this city could do in the longest summer days as ever was."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, April 20, 1857.*

THE Foreign Trade at this port was again light last week. It compares with the last year as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Apr. 18, 1857	$3,289,692	$1,333,308
Corresponding week, 1856	4,128,205	1,357,934
Decrease this year	$858,513	$24,626

The specie export was larger than usual, amounting to about three quarters of a million. It is expected that our usual specie shipments are about to commence; exchange being pretty firm at 5.20 on Paris, and 109½ on London.

Money is very abundant; large sums are vainly seeking investment in Wall Street. A temporary uneasiness was caused during the week by the announcement that the Bank of England had again raised the rate of interest; but reflection showed that the step had long been inevitable, the last reduction in the rate having been premature, and the alarm gradually subsided. The best informed persons look for a steady demand for money on the other side throughout the year, and no further alteration for the present in the Bank rates for money.

Cotton is about ¼ c. lower, with pretty large sales during the week. In Breadstuffs less than usual has been done for export, in consequence of the high prices ruling; most of the better grades are, however, still firmly held. There is no change to note in Provisions; the better qualities of beef and bacon are a shade higher than last quoted. Sugars continue to rise, the Cuban crop being unusually short.

In Wall Street, Stocks have again declined. During the last days of the week the leading speculative Stocks fell from 1 to 2 per cent. Erie, which sold a week ago at 52½ @ 53, sold on Saturday at 45½. There is a slightly better feeling to-day, but the belief in a general rise in Railroad Stocks daily loses adherents. The staple securities of the country are buoyant and in demand.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, April 20, 1857.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets displayed rather more activity during the past week. The almost general resumption of River and Lake navigation faverably affected trade. Some of the Canals are open for the season, and we confidently anticipate that all of them will very soon be in working order. This can not fail to stimulate business, by affording facilities for replenishing our much reduced supplies of produce. Recent European accounts have proved quite encouraging to owners of Breadstuffs, and with a good inquiry, chiefly from the home trade, for the leading articles, prices have improved. Western Canal brands close at $5 60 @ $6 30 for ordinary to fancy, and $5 90 @ $8 75 for low to choice extra, per barrel. Superfine to extra Canadian $6 00 @ $7 50; and low mixed to very choice extra Southern, $6 20 @ $8 75, per barrel. Rye Flour, $3 50 @ $4 65 for fine to superfine; Corn Meal, $3 20 @ $3 25 for Jersey, and $3 60 @ $3 65 for Brandywine, per barrel. Wheat is in very light supply and fair request, at strengthening prices. The range for all kinds is from $1 50 @ $1 67½ for White, and $1 30 @ $1 50 for Red, per bushel. Corn opened briskly and buoyantly, but, with an augmented stock, it closes heavily and languidly at 71 c. @ 71½ c. for Old Western mixed in store; 70 c. @ 74 c. for new and old Yellow, and 70 c. @ 77 c. for new and old White, per bushel. Rye is in demand, and is steady, at 84 c. and 88 c., per bushel. Oats are more inquired for, and are worth 58 c. @ 60 c. for Western; 54 c. @ 57 c. for State; 52 c. and 55 c. for Jersey, and 50 c. and 52 c. for Southern, per bushel. Barley is rather plentier, and is quiet, though quoted at $1 50 @ $1 70, per bushel. Barley-Malt is dull and nominal, mostly at $1 85, per bushel. White Beans, $1 75 @ $1 81¼; Canadian Peas, $1 05 per bushel; Black-eyed Peas, $3 87½ @ $4 00 per 2 bushels. The Market for Cotton continues depressed, and it leans decidedly in favor of buyers. Middling Uplands, 14 c.; do. Gulfs, 14⅛ @ 14½; and other grades at proportionate rates, per pound. Provisions have been pretty freely dealt in. Hog products declined a little; other articles retained their firmness. We quote: Mess Pork, $22 75 @ $22 85; Prime do., $19 30 @ $19 50; Country Mess Beef, $13 00 @ $14 00; and Prime do., $10 75 @ $11 50, per barrel. Prime Mess Beef, $26 00 @ $31 00, per tierce. Beef Hams, $22 75 @ $23 50, per barrel. Prime Lard, in barrels, 14⅜ c. per pound. State Butter, 18 c. @ 30 c., and Cheese, 12½ c. @ 13½ c., per pound. Groceries have been more inquired for at firmer prices. Rio Coffee, 10 c. @ 12 c., per pound. Cuba Muscovado Molasses, 53 c. and 63 c., per gallon; Brown Sugar, in hogsheads, 8¼ c. @ 11¼ c., per pound.; Hyson Tea, 33 c. @ 65 c.; Oolong Tea, 33 c. @ 55 c., per pound; Rice, $4 50 @ $5 37½, per 100 pounds. Domestic Whisky is active and buoyant, closing at 28½ c. @ 29 c., per gallon. No important change has occurred in other commodities.

The Live Stock Market exhibited considerable vigor. The supply of Beeves was more extensive, and of a decidedly better average quality. The demand was good, and the sales were free. Prices ruled very firm. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, comprised 3326 Beeves, 368 Milch Cows, 965 Veal Calves, 3288 Sheep and Lambs, and 3590 Swine, against 2579 Beeves, 367 Milch Cows, 712 Veal Calves, 3442 Sheep and Lambs, and 4160 Swine the preceding week. Illinois, Ohio, New York, and Indiana furnished the bulk of the stock offered the last market day. The range of prices of Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market on Wednesday last was from 10 c. for the poorest, to 13½ c. for premium cattle, the general average having been 11½ c. per pound, or ½ c. per pound over the previous week's currency. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, were plentier, but they were in fair request and steady in price. The bulk of the week's sales were effected at from $25 00, for very common, to $70 00 for extra, each. Veal Calves were abundant and in quick demand, mainly at from 5¼ @ 7½ c. per pound. Sheep and Lambs were less freely offered, and were actively sought after at full prices, generally ranging from $5 00 @ $8 50 per head. The receipts of these can not be expected to increase ere the close of the "Shearing" season. The bulk of recent arrivals had been clipped. The Spring, however, is so cold, that farmers ought to avoid shearing for nearly another month. They will gain more by doing this than by too early "Shearing," as the wool is as essential to the improvement as to the protection of the poor animals during bleak, inclement weather. Swine were in ample stock and less active demand, at drooping rates, viz.: 7 @ 7½ c. for live, and 9¼ @ 9¾ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market is poorly supplied with the principal kinds of fruit and vegetables. These are in fair request, and are generally advancing. Most other articles are arriving rather more freely, and though there exists a moderately active demand, prices lean somewhat in favor of buyers. The variable weather has not been favorable to producers having supplies to send into market; and when stocks already available decrease, there is some anticipation of a temporary scarcity of several of the most necessary kinds of produce. In reference to the Maple Sugar Crop of this season, the general reports are to the effect that, as the season has been unusually favorable in all parts of the country for securing it, and the current high rates of Foreign, &c., tending greatly to stimulate the production, the crop may be set down as considerably in excess of any former year; that of 1850 was ascertained by the Census returns to be 3[illegible],677,041 pounds, but no reliable figures can now be given—for while some indulge in extravagant estimates, it is believed that the failure of the crop for a few years past has induced the cutting down of many of the groves, and in connection with the known high price of fuel, has lessened the production this year to a greater extent than most persons apprehend.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, common to good, per barrel	$2 50	@	$4 00
" good to extra, per barrel	$4 00	@	$5 00
" Dried, State, per pound	11½	@	12½
" " Southern, per pound	9	@	11
Cranberries, per barrel	$11 00	@	$13 00
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound	14	@	18
" " (unpeeled), per pound	8	@	10
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	$1 50	@	—
Potatoes, per barrel	$1 75	@	$4 50
" Sweet, per barrel	$5 50	@	$6 00
Onions, Red, per barrel	$3 75	@	$4 00
" Yellow, per barrel	$4 00	@	$4 25
" White, per barrel	$4 75	@	$5 25
" per 100 strings	$4 50	@	—
Washed Carrots, per barrel	$1 10	@	$1 30
Beets, per barrel	$2 25	@	$2 50
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 50	@	$1 75
Turnips, per barrel	50	@	$1 25
Cabbages, per 100	$5 00	@	$10 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	$6 00	@	—
Maple Sugar, per pound	12	@	14
Butter, Western, per pound	15	@	21
" State, per pound	18	@	30
Cheese, State, per pound	12½	@	13½
Lard, per pound	14	@	14½
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	17
Fowls, per pound	14	@	18
Ducks, Domestic, per pound	16	@	22
Turkeys, per pound	12	@	20
Geese, per pound	10	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	$1 75	@	$2 25
English Snipe, per dozen	$3 00	@	$3 50
Prairie Hens, per pair	50	@	60
Beef, per pound	7	@	11
Mutton, per pound	8	@	12
Lamb, per pound	9	@	12
Veal, per pound	8	@	10
Pork, per pound	9½	@	10½

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REFERENCES.

RICHARD JONES, American Exchange Bank, New York; H. T. MOORE, Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn; JOHN PRICE, 74 Grand Street, Williamsburgh; and upward of 50 more City References will be given if called for.

HEALTH DEPENDS UPON PURE BLOOD. Thin and acrid blood can not secrete healthy bile, and therefore the first thing for those who are dyspeptic should be to commence the purification of their blood.

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